OCTOBER 14, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

Saturday Review

THE WARM AMERICAS

A Portfolio of Havens:

BAJA
Rugged and Raw

HONDURAS
Enclave of Yesterday

GUATEMALA
Green and Godly

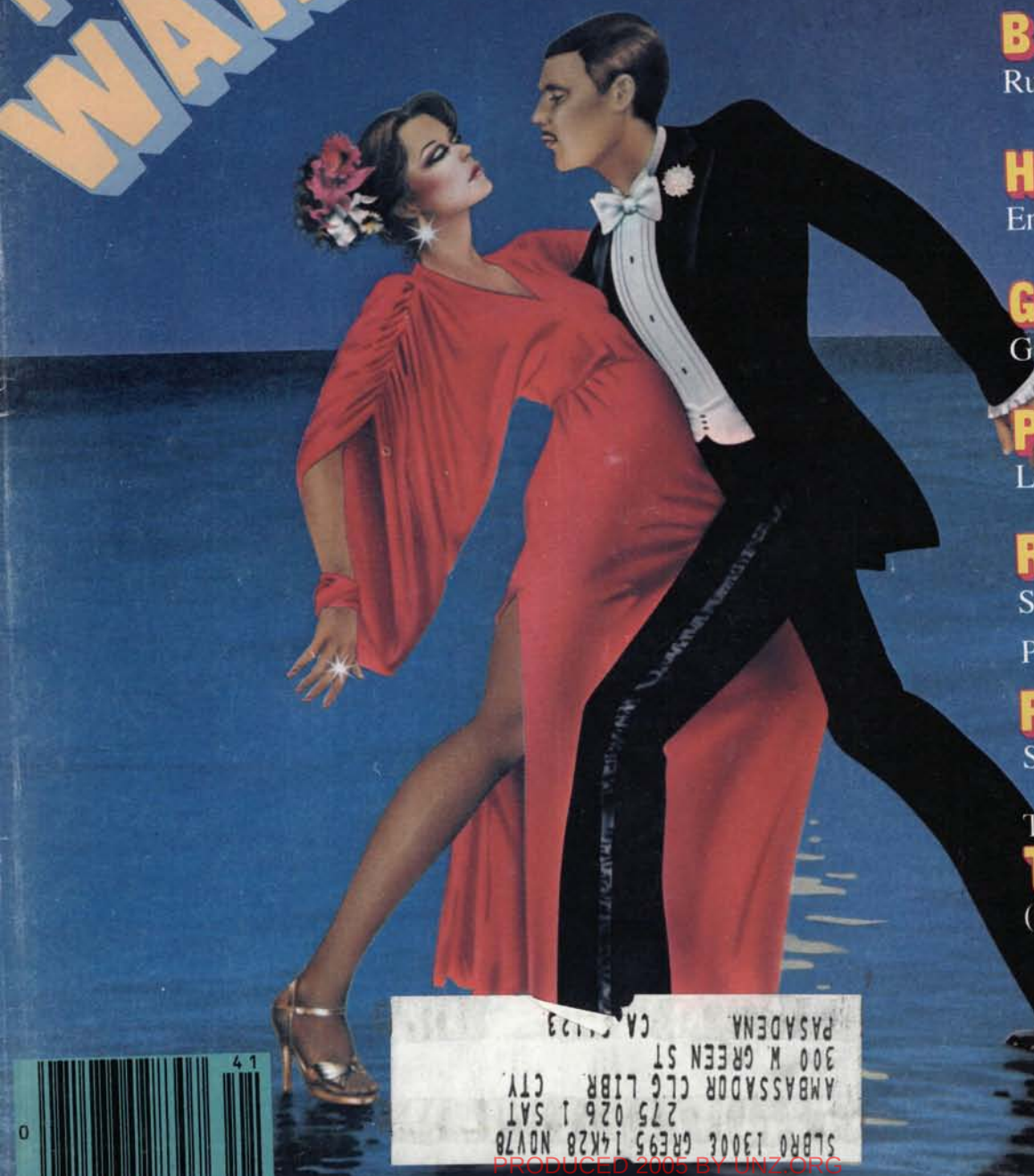
PANAMA'S
Lush New Island

RIVIERAS
South of Capricorn

Plus:

PEPPERS
Sweet and Hot

The Torrid
TANGO
(It Still Takes Two)



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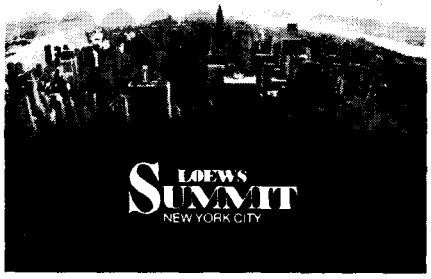

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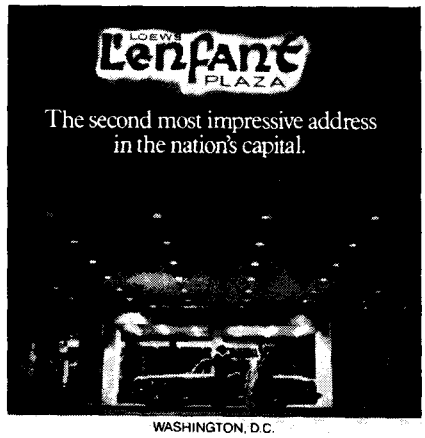

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Business and the rational mind, Part V

Innovative self-destruction•Engines of change•An alternative to planned chaos

Capitalism—or democratic capitalism, or a system of free choice, or whatever you choose to call the U.S. economic system—is perhaps the most dynamic paradox around.

Like democracy, it is the worst system except for all the other systems mankind has tried.

Like mankind itself, it spends a lot of time on the ropes, but it always bounces back.

Because of the mixed economy that has resulted from government intervention, our system has been called "capitalism in an oxygen tent." But reports of its death are greatly exaggerated.

It survives by a process of innovative self-destruction. Which is to say, democratic capitalism compulsively develops new and better ways of doing things. Thus it makes obsolete the very practices that strengthened it in an earlier time.

This process is, by its very nature, endless. In a free society, mankind's entrepreneurial spirit tells him he has to improve on existing products and processes and procedures if he is to create a competitive edge for himself, or even just to meet competition. Thus is relentless improvement built into the system.

This perpetual change is one of the main reasons that what we loosely call capitalism is so hard to define. It is also the main reason that what passes for capitalism in some countries is such a far cry from the dynamic democratic capitalism to which we Americans are accustomed—imperfect but always trying to correct its imperfections. And always learning from experience, even when it learns the hard way.

The stern discipline that compels productive innovation is the requirement that a privately owned business earn a profit—i.e., that it meet a need and meet it efficiently enough to have something left over to meet tomorrow's needs. The system polices itself pretty well, overall; private businesses that cannot achieve the requisite efficiency usually go under.

In a state-controlled economy, you have just the opposite. Not being required to earn a profit, government businesses have little interest in holding down costs. They tend to develop a single objective: status quo and self-preservation at all costs. Those costs become increasingly higher as such organizations strive toward political, rather than economic, objectives.

Thus an essential difference between government and private businesses is the difference between rigidity and creativity. Economic systems run by government tend, by their doctrinal nature, to be static, because any departure from dogma is labeled heresy. This produces a static situation, but static socialism is still socialism.

Static capitalism, on the other hand, would be a contradiction in terms. Capitalism cheerfully occupies itself with a continuing confession of error as it labors to outdate yesterday's improvements. It tends to question the validity of all revealed wisdom that locks itself into any tight doctrine not supported by experience and common sense. It operates on the old Army doctrine that if you're comfortable, you're out of position.

Democratic capitalism is a form of institutionalized self-interest in which most large corporations have to serve a very large mass market if they are to survive and prosper. This makes them democrats of the marketplace, in contrast to those who seem to fear the decisions free people will make if left to their own devices.

Those who argue for a dominant role for government in our economy maintain that an economy that is not centrally planned and heavily regulated is necessarily chaotic. They don't seem to grasp that our system is a continuing revolution, and revolutions are almost invariably untidy. The bureaucrat's impulse is to try to neaten things up, which seldom serves the consumer's interest.

Capitalism, with all its imperfections and its driving ebullience, admittedly spends much of its life in an untidy state of cliff-hanging crisis—just as mankind always has. But indices used to measure the state of the U.S. economy indicate that the fabulous invalid has survived another bout of illness and, with proper nourishment and the right amount of constructive neglect, will pull through again. Which should be good news for all of us, especially for those still struggling to work their way out of poverty.

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America has a health problem that's spreading faster than cancer, heart disease and hypertension.

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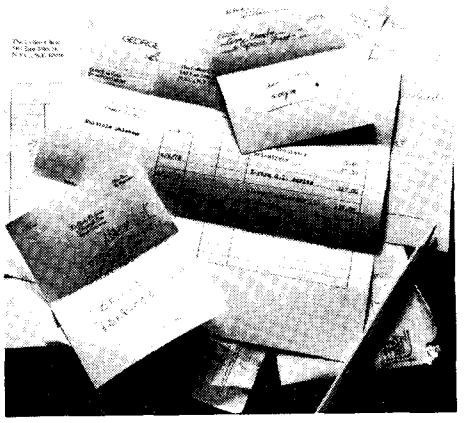

Costs. Everybody's saying it. The cost of health care is rising like a fever. For the past few years, it's been climbing at more than twice the rate of inflation. And we're as concerned as you are.

Healthy competition has made it possible for private health insurers to provide health care coverage for 177,000,000 Americans, with 147,000,000 of them even protected against catastrophic expenses.

Though the system is basically sound, and doctors and hospitals have made commendable voluntary efforts to control costs, no one, including us, has done enough.

So we have some suggestions. Like supporting the establishment of commissions in every state to review hospital budgets and rates a year in advance.

Five states already have effective commissions. Connecticut saved over $150,000,000 in four years with theirs. Massachusetts saved $532,000,000 in three years. And what worked in Connecticut and Massachusetts can work in your state, too.

To explain how, we've put together a booklet called *Keeping Hospital Costs Under Control.* For a free copy, write us at: Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 10, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

There are a lot of health problems we can't cure yet. But the cost of health care isn't one of them.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's keep health care healthy

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LETTERS

Stare Repairs

Mr. Hess gives me far too much credit for good things I had nothing to do with—a few examples:

I had nothing to do with the controversy over banning DDT. I wish that I might have helped to rescue DDT, for it has probably saved more lives (prevention of malaria) than any single chemical, indeed more than all the antibiotics together.

I was not involved in establishing the Food Protection Committee of the National Research Council and was never a member of it.

I was not at the "center" of the cyclamate problem or, for that matter, the saccharin scare, but in my opinion, both are completely safe as they have been used in our diet and, conceivably, will be used.

I had nothing to do with the $2 million gift to the Harvard School of Public Health from the Kellogg Foundation (*not the Kellogg Company*) and none of this gift went to the Department of Nutrition, which was somewhat irritating to me.

Thirteen of the organizations listed in "Stare's Angels" are "angels" obtained by some of my colleagues and for which I do not deserve credit. If more of our staff had done less sitting on their respective "rears," perhaps I could have done a little more research! And Mr. Hess neglected to mention two most important "angels": the Rockefeller Foundation, which gave the initial gift to start our department, and the Lasker Foundation, which helped us generously at several critical times.

Unfortunately, I am not the "heir to a Midwestern canning company (fortune)."

There are numerous errors of scientific and personal substance in the piece written by Mr. Hess, but it would take a far longer letter to recite them.

Lastly, I have a great admiration for Dr. Pauling as a chemist and citizen of the world, but he is not a nutritionist or a physician, and his comments on megavitamin therapy for the common cold, influenza, schizophrenia, and, most recently, cancer are sheer nonsense.

Fredrick J. Stare
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Hess replies: Dr. Stare is, as I wrote, the despair of his friends. I leaned over backward. For example, I took his word about his family's canneries in defending him against the common charge that he serves the food industry for the fees it pays him. For those government posts, see *Who's Who*. His main role though, as I wrote, was propaganda; he did combat Rachel Carson on DDT and defend the safety of all additives, though his department did no research on the subject. As for Dr. Pauling, I said the point was not whether he was right, but that Dr. Stare has misstated the facts and declined to correct himself when caught.

Correction

When I saw my "Forecast: Poisonous Rain" (Scienceletter, September 2) in print, I was appalled to see that I had referred to carbon dioxide as the "exhalations" of green plants, when any junior high school student knows that CO_2 is what *we* exhale. I can only apologize for allowing such an elementary error to slip through.

Albert Rosenfeld

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER 30 PUZZLES

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 156 (page 63)
(Leo) Rosten: Passions and Prejudices
I am prepared to believe anything. I may not *understand* it, but I have no anxieties about believing it—for the sake of where that belief may lead. I enjoy the game of "Let's suppose..." or "Let's pretend..." or "Just for the fun of it..." or the magical "What if...?"

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 116 (see page 53): Different sects like different clocks may be all near the matter, though they don't quite agree.
—Franklin

WIT TWISTER (see page 53): Contributed by Jean Showalter, Roanoke, Va.
severs, verses, serves

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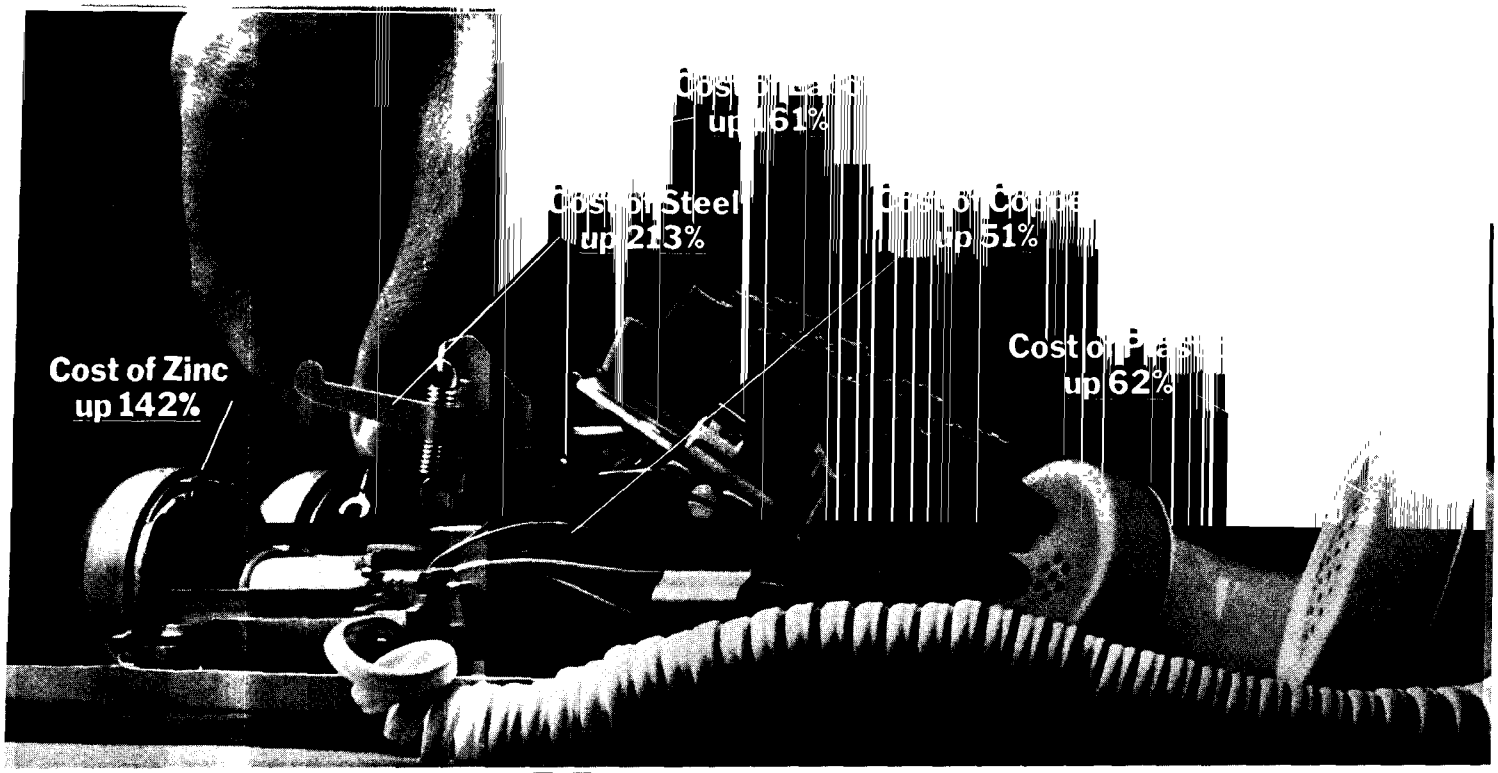

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In the last 10 years, the costs of labor and raw materials that go into this telephone have skyrocketed. And yet, the price of the finished product has risen only 18%.

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The explanation is really quite simple. During the same period of time, this telephone has been redesigned literally dozens of times. Western Electric engineers kept discovering ways to make it a little more efficiently. So while our materials and labor costs were going up, we've been able to hold our manufacturing costs down. Not a bad way to cope with inflation.

At Western Electric, cost reduction and other improvements in our productivity don't just happen. They're the result of a systematic and formalized program which has existed for years.

One of the key elements in this program is our Engineering Research Center (ERC). Western Electric is one of the few corporations that has such a facility.

Unlike most research and development centers, its primary purpose is *manufacturing* research.

Working closely with Bell Labs, where most of our products are designed, the ERC has developed new manufacturing processes that have resulted in enormous savings for Western Electric and our customers.

Committed to Cutting Costs.

In the last few years, Western Electric has implemented over 10,000 different ideas to cut costs.

Like the idea developed by two Western Electric engineers to redesign a simple piece of casing. In its first year it saved $2.3 million.

Or like the idea developed by a team of engineers from Western Electric and Bell Labs that involved a new technique for electroplating our switching equipment. It has saved over $8.5 million in its first year.

In 1977, the net effect of our cost reduction program was a savings of over $200,000,000.

Continuing Innovation.

With cost reductions like these, no wonder our rate of productivity improvement is well ahead of the overall U.S. rate. And it's one reason that during the past 10 years, telephone rates have risen less than half as fast as the consumer price index.

It's a reflection of our continuing innovation and the close collaboration of Western Electric, Bell Labs, and Bell System telephone companies.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

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GUY BILLOUT

Science Marches Onward...

The proper study of mankind, saith the poet, is man. And it is in this spirit, no doubt, that several recently disclosed studies were commissioned.

An in-depth probe by the Neckwear Association of America has revealed that "An astute bartender can often tell what a man will drink just by the tie he wears." Among the findings: gin drinkers prefer "elegant neckwear with subtle patterns"; quaffers of bourbon, and not Scotch, affect scotch plaid; and "smartly dressed men," wearing bright prints "visible at the other end of the bar" generally knock back tequila. What else bartenders know about us was not, fortunately, disclosed.

Not long ago another prestigious trade group, the American Broncho-Esophagological Association, heard a report, according to *Barron's*, indicating that chicken soup, unlike other hot liquids, speeds mucus through the nasal passages, rubbing out bacteria before they can do any damage. The religion of the researcher was not given.

Ten years of research have led Nancy Hirschberg, a University of Chicago psychology professor, to the conclusion that "leg men" are generally more pleasant than, well, "ample-bosom men." But what about gin drinkers as opposed to chicken soup drinkers?

Right to Strife

Members of the right-to-life movement have always indulged in dramatic tactics: demonstrations at hospitals and clinics, heated confrontations, even the exhibition of bottled fetuses. But in the last several months, claim pro-abortion leaders, practices have begun to shade over into a brand of harassment that includes "plain out-and-out cruelty."

The issue was brought to public attention for the first time by a letter appearing in the July 3 issue of *New Yorker*. A woman wrote that she had been telephoned the day after an abortion, and told, "We know that yesterday morning you murdered a six-week-old baby girl." The anonymous caller offered "guidance."

The *New Yorker* piece apparently brought otherwise reluctant victims out of the closet. Officials at both the National Organization of Women and the National Abortion Rights Activists League report that they were contacted by women who claim that right-to-lifers have accosted them over the telephone or in person.

Officials of the Right to Life organization take umbrage at charges that they have fueled, directly or indirectly, the new spirit of violence. "No one truly involved in the right-to-life movement would do anything to hurt another human being," says Jean Head, director of Right to Life's Manhattan branch.

In any case, temperatures are rising on either side. The National Women's Health Organization, a group of eight abortion clinics, has brought a slander and libel suit against former Wayne, New Jersey, Councilman Jim Duggan, for referring to a local abortion clinic as a "Nazi concentration camp," and claiming that its doctor, Ben Thamrong, was practicing without a license. Duggan also led a group who regularly demonstrated at the clinic, allegedly blocking access to the facility and taking down the license numbers of departing cars. Demonstrations have stopped since papers were filed; but as Susan Hill, executive director of the women's group, notes, heckling and disturbance have now become a regular feature at abortion clinics all over the country.

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Browsing Through the Bombshells

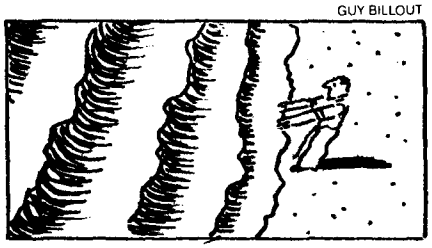
Your run-of-the-mill book catalog offers a tedious array of books on home improvement and superfluous sociology; not so, however, Ken Hale's *Books for the Man of Action*.

Hale offers a complete guide to mayhem in 24 pages of bloodcurdling prose that describes books you can purchase through the mail. Titles under the heading of "Survival and Self-Defense" include *Do or Die; Kill or Get Killed;* and *How to Kill*, volumes one and two, both of them banned in Canada, though not in the United States. Lest there be any doubt about the function of this trade literature, John Minnery, the author of *How to Kill*, is quoted as having written that "there are times when one must attack with complete ruthlessness and utter fury. This fury and ruthlessness must be harnessed and directed to do the gravest possible damage—to kill."

Other titles in Hale's library include *Guide to Germ Warfare* ("Invaluable insight into the often misunderstood science of biological war"), *Boobytraps, U.S. Army Sniper Training Manual, Principles of Quick Kill, Demolition Reference Card, CIA Special Weapons Catalogue*, and volumes on tanks, mines, lock-picking, and improvised munitions systems (for a "time of chaos").

Any or all of these volumes can be purchased from Hale, who could not be reached for comment, in McDonald, Ohio. The manuals printed and distributed by the U.S. Army can be purchased directly from that madcap publishing house.

GUY BILLOUT



Undividing the Waters

The French, with their sound-and-light spectacles, have always had a great facility for enhancing the *gloire* of their monuments with a little sleight-of-hand. Their most recent indulgence of this passion for grand illusion, according to a newly returned traveler, is their attempt to return Mont-Saint-Michel, the seagirt monastery, to the sea.

It seems that the medieval abbey, once a terrible prison three miles from the last finger of Brittany, has gradually lost its watery skirt as the surrounding earth has silted up. Now it is totally awash only twice a month, at high tide. Within 50 years, at the present rate, Mont-Saint-Michel will occupy a sterile promontory rather than an island.

But not if the French government can help it. The state is now entertaining plans to reverse the silting process. If the project goes ahead, the image in the mind's eye of a cliff rising darkly from the midst of the waters will once again correspond to fact.

Had it happened in America, we would have built up the sand and slapped a highway on it.

Front Runners Submissions

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WASHINGTON

Carter and Human Rights: Facing the Contradictions

by Tad Szulc

THE CARTER human rights policy confronts issues of too grave an importance to be dismissed by cynics as pie-in-the-sky idealism, or to be misused by pragmatists as a cold-war device. But since this policy has never been adequately explained by our tongue-tied administration, in part because it is still evolving, it disturbs many Americans.

Many people are convinced, not without some reason, that Carter's commitment is insincere and opportunistic. After all, human rights pledges have become a regular feature of international agreements since World War II; but states have continued to illegally murder, imprison, and torture immense numbers of their own citizens. Why then, one may ask, should we take seriously Carter's flight into Wilsonian idealism?

The answer is that *particularly* in the nuclear and technological age there is a crying need for morality in foreign policy. The conduct of foreign relations has become dehumanized since superpowers have reached "Mutual Assured Destruction." Simultaneously, every dictator seems to have learned that an invocation of "national security" excuses the most heinous crimes.

This is where America comes in. The defense of human rights implies the extra dimension of leadership distinguishing the United States from other superpowers, a dimension that is part of its strong tradition of compassion. Clearly, America is the only power in the world capable of significant intervention on behalf of human rights. Selfishly, it also helps our image in much of the Third World, where we might do better to be allied with the people than with their ephemeral governments. And, finally, the record for nearly two years, uneven as it is, does show results, something of which Americans may not be fully aware.

Yet an initiative as explosive as the human rights policy, practiced in the complex tangle of international relations, must be exercised with caution and circumspection; of this President Carter is clearly aware. The President doesn't propose or expect significant changes in the nature of the dictatorial regimes, leftist or rightist, that constitute the majority of the world's governments today. This goes for the Soviet Union at one extreme, and Chile, Iran, or the Philippines on the other. The objective, rather, is to bring sufficient pressure on these dictatorships—through direct and multilateral diplomacy and selective denial of American military and economic aid—to lessen the scope of the violations.

Carter has often been charged with applying this policy hypocritically. Detractors note that the President has come down hard on Communist countries, which whips up Cold War enthusiasm, or small Latin American nations, where the United States has no overwhelming strategic interest. But the policy cannot be rigid precisely because we do have strategic interests in the Middle East and Asia, a reality that cannot be ignored. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher defined the existing policy in full honesty when he conceded not long ago that, important as they are, human rights, in the light of strategic needs, are *not* the single overriding fact in decision-making.

In plain language, this means that the United States will not halt military deliveries to such human rights violators as Iran or South Korea, though they will do so with Argentina and Uruguay. Christopher notes that the administration does not have a cast-iron formula that automatically cuts American aid. Each case is decided on its own merits, taking into consideration the basic conditions in individual countries, such as "basic human needs" in the supply of food.

With all the seeming inconsistencies, many of them required by our national interest, the Carter policy, by all accounts, is having an impact. This policy consists of a systematic inclusion of human rights considerations in major policy decisions. These concerns have been institutionalized in the new Human Rights Bureau of the State Department, which fights much of the bureaucracy over its cause. Then there are new Congress-mandated restrictions on violator regimes, such as the ban on military sales to Chile. Congress, in fact, has been attuned to human rights problems since well before Carter's entry into the White House. Meanwhile, American ambassadors are raising human rights problems for the first time with foreign ministers and heads of government, threatening retaliatory measures if necessary.

Today the administration can argue for its policy by pointing to a number of successes. When the Indonesian government recently released thousands of political prisoners, no one could prove that American pressure had been pivotal; but the administration did take direct credit for persuading that country not to exile 4,000 of the released prisoners to remote islands.

In the Dominican Republic, President Carter's personal intervention was clearly decisive in forcing the local generals to allow a democratically elected president to assume office in August. Several Latin American dictatorships have agreed for the first time to permit the Inter-American Human Rights Commission to inspect the situation.

When I was in Poland late last year, dissidents in Warsaw were firmly convinced that Carter's policy was a major element in the regime's decision, in July 1977, to declare an amnesty for political prisoners. True or false, this is the prevailing impression and, therefore, a political factor. The President's championing of human rights at a televised press conference in Warsaw last December gave dissidents new hope.

In Eastern Europe, the United States has a powerful instrument of pressure in the form of the so-called Third Basket (human rights) section of the Helsinki declaration that was signed by all the European Communists and the Soviet Union. Though only Poland and, to some extent, Hungary, observe the Helsinki provisions, American pressure is steady and it would be foolish, as suggested by some, to denounce the agreement. Some experts even feel, despite reports to the contrary, that last July's Moscow trials of dissidents would have resulted in harsher sentences had it not been for the American stance.

The basic policy, however, is facing new dangers, with a split developing inside the administration as to how far the defense of human rights should go. American manufacturers of military equipment, civilian aircraft, and other exportable items who have lost business because of human rights restrictions on some sales are organizing a campaign to ditch the policy altogether. So far they have been finding allies in the upper strata of the administration, who think of the coming election. Can Carter, then, be true to himself? ◉

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SCIENCE LETTER

The Battle Over the New Drug Regulation Act

by Albert Rosenfeld

ONE OF THE MAJOR purposes of the Drug Regulation Reform Act of 1978, now being considered by Congress, is "to increase consumer protection." Who could fail to endorse such a goal? Consumer protection is, after all, one of our thriving national concerns; a good thing, too, since we are all its beneficiaries. Even so, one can't help wondering at times whether we consumers know what it is we want to be protected *from*.

In the case of prescription medications, for instance, we originally took all those "wonder drugs" with the clear idea of protecting ourselves against the ravages of disease. Later, as we gained chastening experience with the sometimes serious side effects of drugs, we began to set up ever more stringent regulations and restrictions. Particularly since the thalidomide disaster of 1961, which this nation mercifully escaped, we have defined consumer protection increasingly in terms of safety from drug hazards rather than from disease.

The new act before Congress offers us an ideal opportunity to clarify the issue. The provisions of the proposed bill, with its 200-plus pages of legal complexity, are too numerous to catalog. But its central theme is really nothing more or less than consumer protection. Its initial wording clearly recognizes both aspects of protection: against disease on one hand and against the potentially harmful side effects of drugs on the other. Its detailed provisions, however, have given rise to shrill and continuing public debate. Though the personal health of each of us and those we care about may well ride on how much sense this bill finally makes, the controversy has somehow failed to strike a chord of high dramatic interest in either press or public.

Perhaps the ongoing drug debate has failed to capture the public's attention because it is perceived as just another skirmish between those perpetual adversaries, the FDA (the Food and Drug Administration) and the PMA (the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, representing the drug industry). Neither the FDA nor the PMA enjoys a lustrous public image. Both have often been dragged ignomin-

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iously before congressional investigating committees—the FDA accused repeatedly of ineptitude and inefficiency, the PMA of greed for profit and an insufficient regard for the public's safety. Each has smarted from the unrelenting criticism, often justified but more often probably not.

The debate over the new bill comes at a critical time. With our biomedical knowledge accumulating so rapidly, the prospects for discovering and devising effective new medications have never looked better. Yet over recent years, the rate at which new drugs have been developed and approved in this country has noticeably declined. Many new drugs are available abroad but not at home. This "drug lag" has been due almost entirely to our worries about safety.

Not that the worries are unfounded. It was in specific response to all-too-real experiences with unexpected side effects that our present drug-regulatory apparatus was thrown together, piece by piece, without prior plan or design; and it is generally agreed to be one of the toughest drug-regulatory systems in the world. The PMA has complained that new-drug development has become almost prohibitively burdensome, that it takes inordinate amounts of time, paperwork, and money to test and market a drug under current FDA procedures.

But the FDA can hardly be blamed for playing it safe. As a reward for delaying the approval of thalidomide, for instance, the FDA's Dr. Frances Kelsey, in a highly publicized ceremony, was given the President's Gold Medal for Distinguished Service—the country's highest civilian decoration—by John F. Kennedy. No one in the FDA has ever been awarded anything for *expediting* the approval of a drug. In fact, when two doctors were transferred out of an FDA division because they had failed to approve a single drug during the years from 1968 to 1972 (a period when many drugs were being approved by other countries), their boss was hauled before Congress and accused of giving in to industry pressures instead of protecting the public! Consumer groups, too, often seem to define their protective mission solely in terms of hazards; thus a delay in approving a drug is nearly always seen as a good thing. Protection against the serious illnesses that afflict us—protection achievable by speeding remedies to the consumer—is a cause seldom championed. Thus we have all conspired to give FDA employees a clear message: When in the least doubt (and when can there ever be a complete absence of

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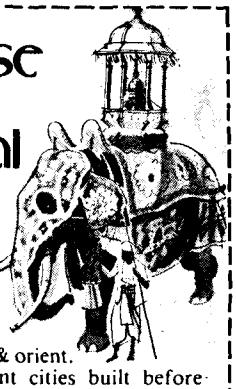

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doubt?), delay. Hence the celebrated "glorification of procrastination."

The new bill is FDA's own carefully crafted attempt to bring some rational order into drug regulation, to provide itself with the powers it needs to do its job. The bill has the full support of HEW Secretary Joseph Califano and the sponsorship of several key congressmen in both houses. Because it is designed to encourage drug innovation and to streamline procedures so that good drugs can get to market—and bad drugs be removed from the market—with greater dispatch, its sponsors have been rather impatient with the PMA's insistently reiterated fears that the bill, if passed in its original form, could be more disaster than blessing, achieving the opposite of its stated purpose.

A few of the bill's features the PMA objects to:

- Official approval time for a new drug would be increased from 180 days (it actually often takes years) to 360 days; and, where the approval process is now continuous, the new procedures would allow nine or 10 convenient places for "holds."
- The FDA has written into the bill unprecedented discretionary powers for its own administrators (powers it insists it needs and would not lightly exercise for whimsical reasons). Following the letter of the law, however, FDA could demand costly and time-consuming additional research for merely "suspected" hazards. It could also require any company to carry out research on an already-approved drug for additional uses in which the company may have no interest (though doctors may be prescribing the drug for these other uses, thus augmenting the company's sales of that drug).
- A company applying for approval of a given drug would be forced to disclose *all* its research data, even the voluminous "raw data" of individual case histories, for public scrutiny. Though competitors would be officially barred from seeing the data, not much ingenuity would be required to gain access to it. This kind of information is now available only to the FDA and its scientific committees, and only summaries are made public. The proposed change is intended to ensure full public participation in the decision-making process and to allow other companies to use the information—after a five-year period of exclusivity for the originator—without having to do the research over again. The FDA believes this would encourage healthy competition, minimize overall costs, and reduce the number of experiments with human subjects. Industry considers this provision outrageous, an enforced giveaway of all its trade secrets to competitors who only need wait for the research results to come in—even though no competitor could make or market the product *in this country* for another five years. Such a requirement, says the PMA, would destroy all incentive. Why expend vast sums of manpower and money on a hoped-for product that would then be up for grabs? The only alternative might be to move entire research operations abroad, with all that implies in terms of jobs and the domestic economy. Nonsense, says the FDA—the data only relates to efficacy and safety anyway, and therefore contains no trade secrets. Industry disagrees, violently.

As industry has objected to one provision after another, supporters of the bill, such as Senator Edward Kennedy and FDA Commissioner Donald Kennedy (no relation), have expressed surprise. They insist that the new provisions are *good* for industry, despite industry's insistence that the provisions, as they now read, could be grievously hurtful. Because the new bill is badly needed and is, by and large, a good bill, Congress owes it to us all to state the provisions so as to earn a reasonable consensus among the contending parties.

The pharmaceutical industry, a profit-making enterprise, surely needs to be sensibly regulated; we all need to be reasonably protected against abuse or simple error. And the FDA should get the discretionary powers it needs to do its job—though these powers, too, should be surrounded with safeguards against possible abuse. A healthy, responsible, innovative pharmaceutical industry, and a healthy, respected, and self-respecting FDA can't be anything but good for our collective health. If the new bill were to create a system that continues to concentrate too exclusively on drug risks, the consequences could be costly in terms of lost or long-delayed therapies. Is that really the wisest consumer-protection policy? ◉

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TOWARD A MELLOW MIGRATION

by Horace Sutton

The turning of the first leaf in the territory where *norteamericanos* live is an ineluctable sign that much of the land will soon turn to frost. Geese know it, swallows know it, even uneducated ducks know it. All of them, along with the bipeds themselves, will soon be in wholesale migration to more felicitous climes. Breathes there a warmer sanctuary than the warm Americas, where in the equatorial climes the palms nod in pleasant torpor, where in the deep southern latitudes summer blooms just as the flakes begin to fall up north, where the comestibles are as warm as the temperature, the music as torrid as the peppers, the politics as impassioned as the dance?

At considerable risk to the fibula, if not in great danger of throwing a hip socket out of sync, Americans, whether or not they journeyed south, have dutifully, as fashion dictated, taken to the waxed floor to dance the rhumba, the conga, the samba, and other importations that have floated northward on favorable tradewinds from their birthplace in Latin America. Some have even risked licentious posturing in public by essaying the tango (see page 50), a sultry version of terpsichorean exercise that originated in the otherwise mannered precincts of the Argentine.

Latin America would seem, on fast glance, to be a hothouse of rhythm, a fountainhead of style, a passion pit with music. One shake of the maracas and Up, Up and Away! Is not the Carnival at Rio the queen of all revels, with challenges coming, perhaps, from Trinidad and Martinique, Latin outposts too? Had we not, in our time, or in those of our parents, gone Flying Down to Rio with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the most glamorous of celluloid excursions? Had we not danced the carioca? Begun the beguine?

Southwesterners who live along the borderlands of Mexico (indeed, on real estate that was once Mexican), and thus were weaned on the Mexican kitchen, grew accustomed to its spice. And so was born a bastardized cuisine called Tex-Mex, whose chefs d'oeuvre include the traditional bowl of chili, three-alarm chili, and chili cook-offs carrying with them a sort of machismo of the peritoneum. The hotter the chili one is able to consume, the more prestigious one's position along heartburn alley. Epicures who fancy these explosives maintain a certain alimentary affinity for Latin ways.

But even those Americans content with nothing more exhilarating to the palate than a bowl of Cornflakes find continuing fascination with the art forms of the south, to say nothing of the lands themselves, a continent of antiquitous ruins that cannot be matched by Europe, a splendor of cities, as well as sparkling resorts that face the Pacific and the Atlantic. During the last several months a remarkable exhibit of Mexican art has traveled across the United States, spanning, in its enormous scope, some 12,000 years of creativity, from the carved animal bone sculpted by a highlander to the three major talents of modern times, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Diego Rivera. Lately, the flowering of Latin literature, perceived a decade ago in the groves of academe, has turned into a lively literate force referred to as *"el boom."*

Visitors from the north probe the architectural leavings of the Olmecs, the Mayans, the Aztecs, and the Incas, climbing over ruins that stretch from the plains outside Mexico City clear to Peru. Some leap by air to ponder the origins of the monolithic heads of Easter Island off the coast of Chile.

Where else in the world do hydrofoils, plying between Bolivia and Peru, thunder past the reed boats of Indians, as they do on Lake Titicaca? Where but in Argentina does a steak at the best restaurant in the capital cost $2.50? Where besides Rio's beaches do girls affect the *tanga*, the *plus* bikini of any bikinied beach?

Where besides Ecuador's Galápagos Islands can one walk in the footsteps of Darwin to commune with ancient tortoises, or birds that can scarcely walk, cannot fly, but adore to swim? Where to take a houseboat on safari if not in Brazil? Where but in Colombia can the birdwatcher come upon such feathered specimens as chachalacas, trogóns, and jacamars? All these are the wonders of the adjacent continent, the enchantments that bring people together, one American face to face with another, in a hemisphere that, whatever the problems between the centers of governments, can be in *esprit*, too, the Warm Americas.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS SECTION BY PHILIP SLAGTER

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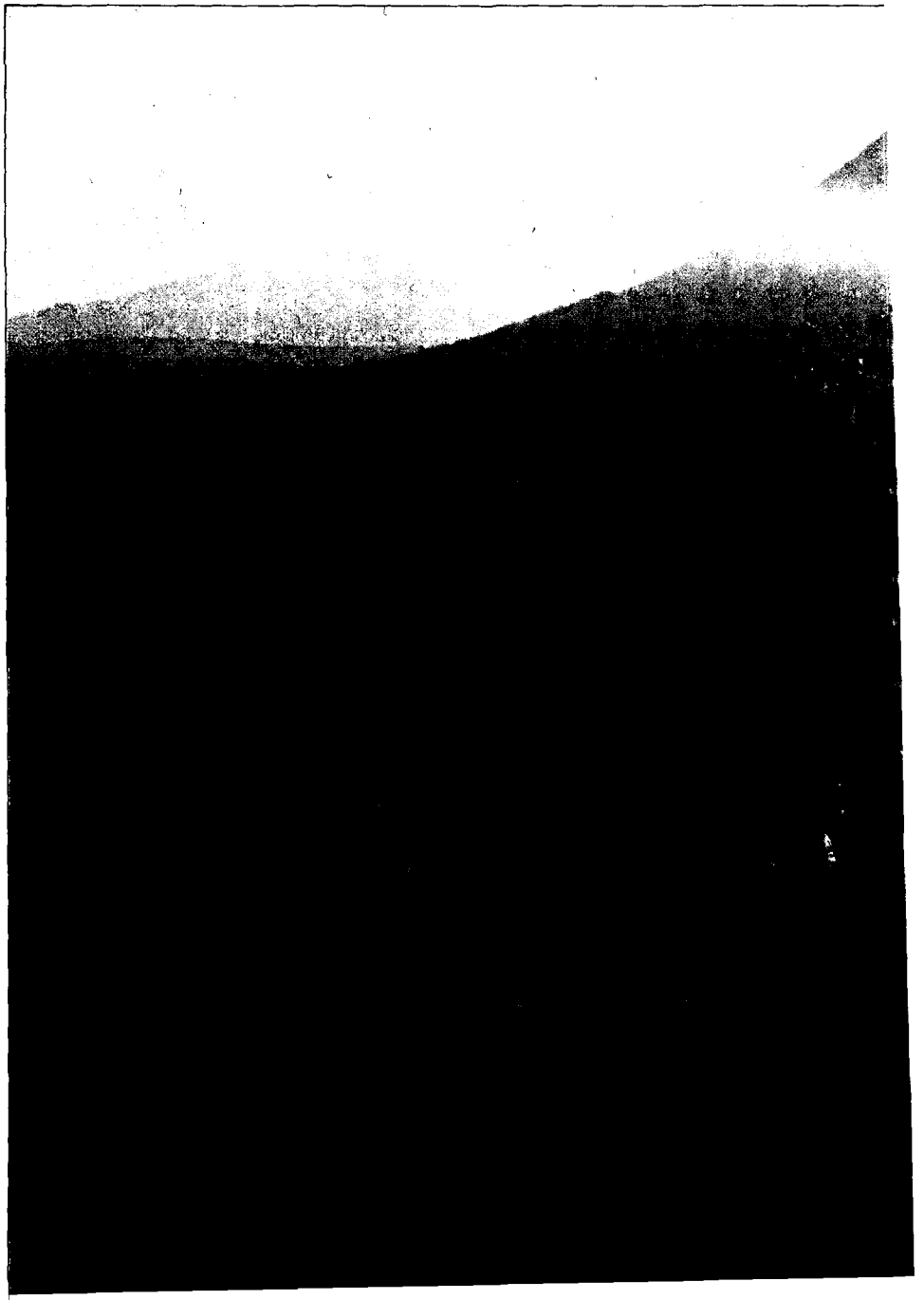
IN THE LAND OF THE FRINGE-TOED LIZARD

by Barbara Coats

Lizards, cacti, and dry, cracked earth do not a travelogue make; but that's Baja, whose seaward cliffs now sprout luxury hotels.

San Borja, Baja—"New sort of playland."



SOUTH OF SAN DIEGO a long leg of land stretches into the Pacific along the Mexican coast, separated from the mainland by a body of water known as the Sea of Cortés or the Gulf of California, depending on your particular chauvinist bent. Whatever one chooses to call the water, the land is known in any language as Baja California, a rugged length of desert once visited by few travelers other than wealthy fishermen down from the Hollywoods in search of the giant billfish not readily available in the waters off Laguna.

Now that the Mexican government has paved a 1,061-mile two-lane road the full length of the peninsula (replacing what used to be an axle-breaking dirt track known for good reason as the Devil's Highway), and now that an airport of generous size has been opened at San José del Cabo on the southern shore, Baja California is showing signs of emerging as a new and different sort of Mexican playland.

For one thing, it is not graced with the lush greenery of central Mexico,

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nor with the picturesque townships with historic ruins, bandstands, and pushcarts, and sombrero-clad, sarape-wrapped villagers. Rather it bears some resemblance to the near side of the moon. Ragged volcanic mountains, cream-colored swirls of sand rivers, and mile after mile of cracked, parched earth are its legacy.

What grow in Baja are spiny cholla cacti, unbreachable thickets of sour pitahaya, smoke trees, and greensticks that flower brilliantly but briefly in their own special seasons. Fringe-toed lizards dig into the sand, and woodpeckers bore holes deep into the flesh of huge cardon cacti to use as hideouts from the sun. Though you couldn't prove it by me, mountain lions are said to stalk in the highest hills and kangaroo rats to scoot about in the far reaches of the desert, never touching a drop of water the whole of their lives.

At the very end of the Benito Juárez Transpeninsular Highway, as the new road is officially labeled, and hard by the little harbor town of Cabo San Lucas, a clutch of luxury hotels has been built in the last several years, virtually notched into the rocky hills against the sea and dug into the dunes. Each one lies a mile or more from the other, out of respect it might seem to that remoteness and isolation that is at once the bane and the lure of Baja. Each hotel has a dramatic, unhindered view of the sea, that exclusive feeling of a private enclave, and its own architecture.

Here the sun-seekers from colder climes take their morning sun in doses, and douse themselves in icy pools that overlook the sea. They seek the shade at midday, wash down chorizos and guacamole with good cold beer, and succumb to the nearly irresistible siesta. In the cooler hours of the late afternoon they may be tempted to poke along on empty beaches, snorkel in the shallows of a cove, or try a sweltering set of tennis before the guitars begin.

The sun is hot as it shines through the desert air in Baja; it comes up early and stays up late. Those who like their vacations active and athletic would do well to visit this sea and desert resort in winter when the air does cool after midday. (Many hotel rooms have their own fireplaces.)

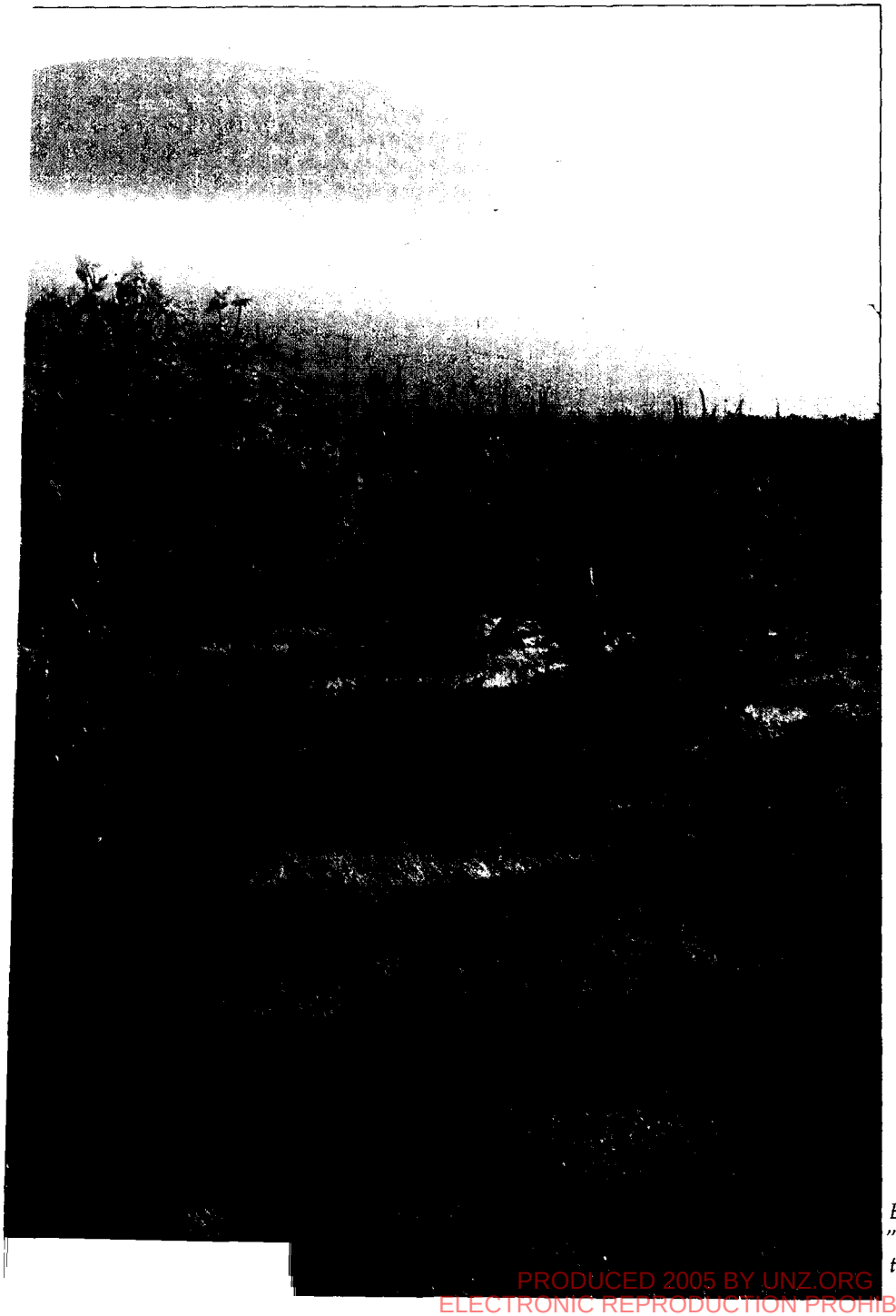
At all times of the year, fishing is still southern Baja's siren song. The waters off this coast are said to be the finest marlin fishing grounds in the world. And the deep-sea-going vessels, with both beginners and veteran anglers aboard, come back daily with sailfish, broadbill, tuna, dolphin, grouper, yellowtail, roosterfish, and wahoo (that's a fish not an exclamation). More than 857 varieties of fish have been catalogued here—from the thousand-pounders in the deep to the tiny, brightly colored coral-seekers close to shore.

Yellow agaves—"Near side of the moon."

Boats may be chartered through the hotels (roughly $160 a day for a 28-foot boat with two chairs and all the bait, tackle, rods, and licenses you'll need).

Two of the hotels along the coast have their own fishing fleets and cater predominantly to fishermen, many of whom have been coming to this area for years, flying in to landing strips in private planes, well before the road and the jetport were complete.

These two, the Hotel Palmilla and the Hotel Cabo San Lucas, are the oldest of all the hotels along this 20-mile strip and have the additional virtue of having been established long



Butte at sunrise, Rosarito, Baja—"Woodpeckers bore holes deep in the cactus to use as hideouts from the sun"

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Rosarito valley in the morning mist, Baja—"Smoke trees and greensticks that flower briefly."

enough (20 years) to have their gardens grow. In these two compounds the desert grows green with palms and bright with bougainvillea.

Among the newer hotels, the Hyatt Baja is the largest, with 125 rooms and a condominium under construction on 115 acres along the edge of a cliff. Its architecture resembles an adobe hill village with Mexican flourishes: red tile floors, arches, and wood-scalloped balconies. From its open-air lobby—even before you check in—you can look through a high-arched stairwell to a series of rectangular swimming pools that step down the hillside toward the sea below. And (at least the day that I was there) be greeted by a smiling waiter with a tray of icy and delicious, if somewhat treacherous, damiana Margaritas. The damiana part of this tequila-based lime juice drink is a liqueur pressed from a local herb. It tastes of anise and bananas and is promoted as an aphrodisiac.

Farther east, the handsome Twin Dolphin Hotel, opened in October 1977 by its Texas millionaire owner David Halliburton, capitalizes on the desert landscape. Its high-ceilinged public rooms open onto sand gardens planted with cacti and yucca. The place has a stark, expensive look, and its suites, cut into the hill, look directly to sea.

Just off the harbor of Cabo San Lucas is the balconied Hotel Hacienda, and beyond, on the walls of a mountain, the Hotel Finisterra, where a friend tells me she and her lover sat near a window in the cocktail lounge and watched a procession of gray whales on a romantic journey of their own. Each winter these 40-ton mammals migrate from their summer home in the Bering Sea to their mating and birthing grounds in the warm waters of the Sea of Cortés. In spring, they start the procession, with mammas and babies, back to the Bering Sea.

On the west side of the harbor stand the granite rocks that have been hollowed out by the pounding of the sea and are called the Friars, or the Arches of Cabo San Lucas. These jagged, sea-sculpted markers are the most photographed site in Baja.

It's a short walk from the harbor to the main part of Cabo San Lucas, still an unpretentious little town with a few tourist shops, a pizzeria where they play opera records, at least one pickpocket, and a local discotheque. There is a smattering of restaurants, sand streets, few cars, and lots of dark-eyed children. Its entire population numbers no more than 4,000. (There are some blue eyes among the natives here, and locals with names like Fisher and Cooper, said to be descendants of British buccaneers who lay in wait in the harbor for Spanish galleons from the east, back in the 16th century.)

There is a total of 436 hotel rooms in the Cabo San Lucas area and the rates run from $40 to $50 a day (per person, double occupancy) in most of them, with all meals included.

Aeromexico and Mexicana Airlines fly daily from Los Angeles and Mexico City into San José del Cabo, and Hughes Airwest flies from San Francisco, Oakland, and Phoenix.

There is twice-weekly ferry service (on overnight trips) from Puerto Vallarta on the mainland, and of course, the long-awaited Baja road. ◉

Barbara Coats, a former political reporter and editor of Patent Trader, *is editor of* The Intrepids Magazine.

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TONGUE-TIED IN TEGUCIGALPA

by David Butwin

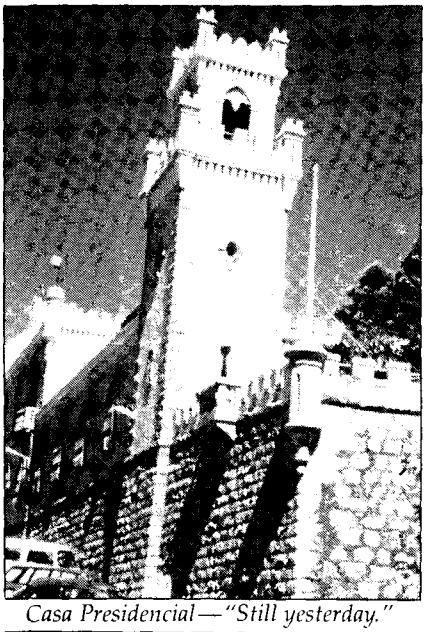
The Bay Islands of Honduras still live as they did in some forgotten yesterday awaiting tomorrow's discovery.

NOTHING QUITE DRAINS the excitement of a first visit as the words, "You should have seen this place before it changed, before the tourists came." They have been saying it about Bali for a decade, and for all I know you may hear the same in the Seychelles or on the far side of Iceland, but believe me, nothing of the kind will greet you in Honduras.

Honduras is not today or tomorrow, it is still yesterday. Primitive is not what I mean, though it is that in places. Call it undeveloped, unexploited. There were times in a week's journey through the Central American republic when I had to remind myself I was in the home hemisphere, only a two-hour flight from Miami. Something about the Bay Islands of Roatán and Guanaja put me in the far Pacific, on shores I haven't yet seen. At Copán, the stunning and remote Mayan city near the Guatemalan frontier, I was not only in a different place but a different time, maybe not a thousand years ago when the Mayans last flourished, but long before today.

This is not to say the traveler in Honduras won't find *norteamericano* comforts. You can eat a banana split in the coffee shop at the Gran Hotel Sula in San Pedro Sula while reading yesterday's box scores in the Miami Herald, that Paris Herald Tribune of Central America; on Guanaja, despite the absence of roads, cars, and telephones, you can recline on the sun deck of one of the splashier new resorts in the western Caribbean; in San Pedro Sula you can buy a day's overland tour, albeit a rough one, to Copán with Master Charge or VISA.

Copán and the Bay Islands are the *número uno* attractions in Honduras. Hondurans register mild shock if you say you are going anywhere else. It is



Casa Presidencial—"Still yesterday."

possible to be on Roatán before noon if you manage the 7 AM departure from Miami or New Orleans on the Honduran national airline, TAN. (Belize Airways has afternoon flights from Miami.) Roatán, a long green string-bean of an island, is a 40-minute, one-stop flight from San Pedro on the hardy DC-3s of the privately owned airlines, Sahsa or Lansa. Island-hopping by DC-3 off Honduras, you come to know and trust the weathered, circa 1942 planes with their flapping cockpit doors and portly stewards squeezing down the aisles proffering paper cups of iced syrup.

Roatán, Guanaja, Utila, and the other Bay Islands, strung out 30 miles from the north coast, were in the British sway for so long that English is spoken more widely than Spanish. This does not thrill visiting mainland Hondurans, who feel as foreign in their own land as do tourists from Guatemala or Colorado. Whatever you speak, it will not get you past the swarm of island boys who meet every plane on Roatán's dirt airstrip. Descending like the man-o'-war vultures that soar about the islands, they battle to get your bags and place you in the taxi they represent. I watched helplessly as a plucky middle-aged New Orleans woman, traveling on her own in Central America, nearly became unhinged by the baggage buzzards.

While Roatán may be unknown to even the most savvy island fanciers, it rings a bell with divers. In the luminous waters off the north shore lies a barrier reef that is as much a shrine to divers as Copán is to archaeologists. Serious divers tend to gather at Anthony's Key, a 30-cottage settlement that specializes in scuba excursions and offers by far the most elaborate lodging on the island—which is to say, comfortably simple. From the airstrip you rattle along a dirt road for 20 minutes, past the little wood-slat houses on stilts so common in the Bay Islands, until the taxi halts abruptly not 30 feet from a plank dock. On the other side of the road a wood stairway winds upward into a green, flowery hillside. At the top, shaded by palms and cashew trees, an open-air lobby, bar, restaurant, and lounge are lashed together like an adult's tree house.

Checking in, you are handed a jar of Off! insect repellent and a flashlight. Both are essential to a happy existence on Roatán. Mosquitoes and the pesky, hurtful sand flies are legendary in the Bay Islands. Islanders build their houses on stilts to escape the sand flies; tourists talk about little else for the first 24 hours. The flashlight? You need it to find your cottage at night or the tavern down the road. Public utilities haven't yet come to rural Roatán.

To enjoy life in the Bay Islands you

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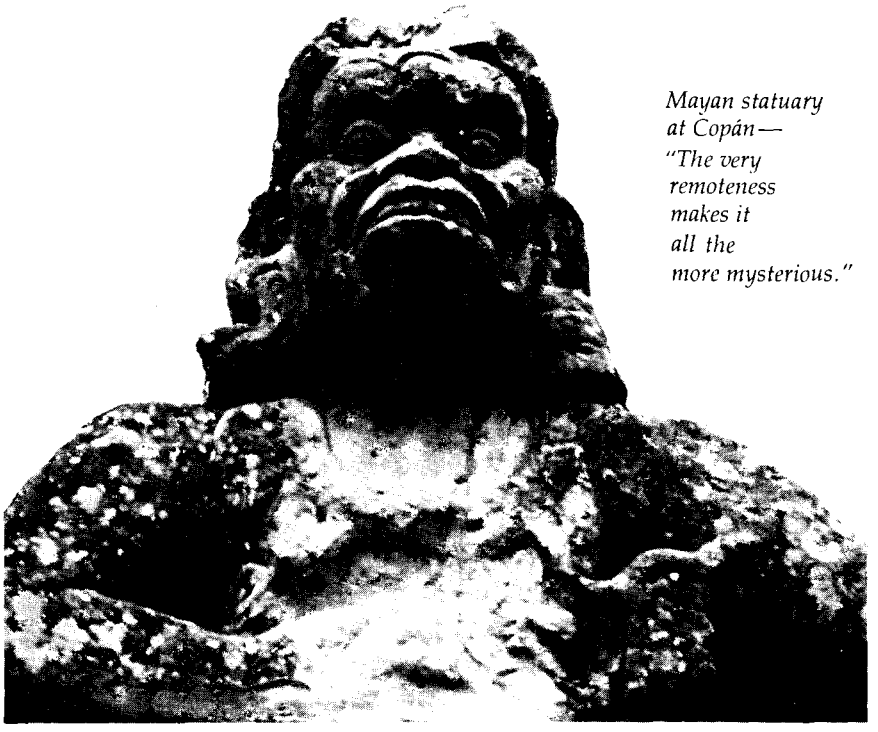

Mayan statuary at Copán— "The very remoteness makes it all the more mysterious."

Hillside at Tegucigalpa—"Eating banana splits while reading the Miami Herald."

don't have to worship Jacques Cousteau, but a feeling for the sea helps. I would no sooner strap a 72-cubic-foot steel tank to my back and descend to 60 feet than I would jump from an airplane with a parachute. But I gladly donned a mask, snorkel, and flippers and wriggled about a shallow reef in the company of a hotel diver. Pity I couldn't find a tennis partner. At the end of a plank pathway, hidden behind a tangle of vines and trees, Anthony's Key has three seldom-used tennis courts, already taking on the look of a relic from the Dunlop Age.

If you are up to poking around in the bush, a very minor "dig" can be organized. Long ago, the Paya Indians (not to be confused with the more advanced Mayas) lived on the islands, and left behind their baggage. There are marked sites where the government is excavating, but you are welcome to freelance elsewhere as long as you don't take away substantial, intact objects. Mitch, a black islander whose chief task is to spray the hotel cabins for insects each evening, led three of us to a jungly hillside where friends of his had found Payan pottery. Slashing the earth with his machete, Mitch uncovered some clay bits and shards; one piece had a tiny head affixed to it. It is on my desk today.

City life on Roatán is confined to Coxen's Hole, a waterfront hamlet of low frame and stone buildings with a small plaza and a pier where the Bay Island supply boat docks every few days. Coxen's Hole probably got its name from a 17th-century English pirate captain who settled on Roatán. Spanish-speaking Hondurans in the capital at Tegucigalpa would like the town to take a more Hispanic-sounding name and, in general, adopt a more Honduran identity, but the islanders have fiercely resisted. Children study Spanish in school but at home speak a lilting West Indian English—the legacy of British buccaneers, 19th-century military occupiers, and settlers from Jamaica and the Caymans.

On the island of Guanaja, the Anglo past dies just as hard. Yet Guanaja is nothing like Roatán, indeed nothing like any island I've ever seen. Arrival is unique in itself. The DC-3 leaves you on a dirt strip at water's edge where you step onto a dock and board a sputtering little airport launch, the Laguna, for the five-minute ride to the island capital. Islanders call the town Low Key, which it is six nights a week. Actually Low Key is not on Guanaja but a quarter-mile offshore—two separate little keys joined together by landfill and jammed with 5,000 people who live in stilt-raised houses and get around in dugout boats called dories.

Guanaja's sole public transport is the Savannah Express, a battered little boat that chugs back and forth between Low Key and Savannah Bight, the only on-island community of note. On that midsummer Saturday morning as I transferred to the Express, I asked the captain (a lean, sinewy salt who, with his boat, could have stood in for Bogart and the *African Queen*) if he'd make a local stop at my hotel. Ten minutes later I was on the dock at the Inn of the Sun, a.k.a. Posada del Sol. Fare: 1 lempira, or 50 cents—same as New York City's IRT.

When I think of it, the Inn of the Sun might better have been named Lower Key. Elegant, sequestered, quiet, the 16-room resort aims to soothe and pamper visitors and not divert them with too ambitious a program. A single tennis court was still under con-

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struction, although the inn opened in late 1977. Boats for diving or snorkeling and a deep-sea fishing boat are for hire, but you are just as welcome to spend the whole day, from breakfast to cocktails, relaxing on the huge wood deck that wraps around a swimming pool.

The day I arrived word was out of a big Saturday night wedding on Low Key. It was an open invitation and since not much else was doing on Guanaja, the guests and staff all went down after dinner in the inn's big new launch, the *Hunky-Dory*. Half the island, I think, was at the reception, in a wood-frame tavern called the Mountain View, perched on pilings over the water. From its rickety porch you could see the peaks of Guanaja—probably the most scenic of the Bay Islands. Wedged into Low Key's business district are stores, restaurants, airline offices, three fish-packaging plants, and even two small hotels, but I think the lively little bars outnumber all other establishments. I didn't see the bride and groom at the Mountain View, but that didn't stop the islanders from dancing and drinking until nearly dawn—or so I was told by those who stayed on past midnight.

Low Key is crowded, noisy, and not a little pungent, but something about it excites me, takes me to a place or time I never knew. Maracaibo, 1935? I see Robert Mitchum, Rita Hayworth, and Jack Lemmon in a movie called "Fire Down Below"; stevedores in sweaty polo shirts; I hear the clang and toot of the teeming waterfront. There is a kind of beauty in the sagging decay, though a man in our party, an architect from La Jolla, California, didn't see it that way. He sized up the Mountain View tavern—its lone exit, its creaking balcony—and quietly left the building with his wife to wait in the hotel launch. Earlier this year one end of Low Key caught fire, destroying 20 percent of the town. The government thought it an opportune time to relocate the fire victims on shore as part of a long-range plan to thin out Low Key's population. Break up the Key? Even when the government offered to finance the relocation and construction, the residents balked; they rebuilt their homes and stayed. Low Key may be a watery ghetto, but for them it is home. Another aversion they have for Guanaja is the sand fly—precisely one of the reasons they settled offshore in the first place.

Insects, normally my bane in coastal places, had plagued me very little. Of course I was coating myself with Off! at least twice daily and, at night, pulling up the bedsheet to my jaw. Even more surprising, I had not been a victim of

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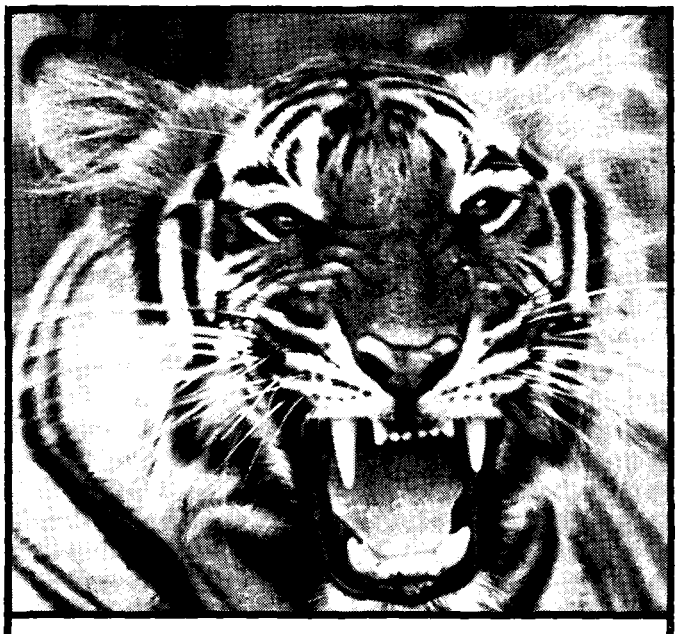

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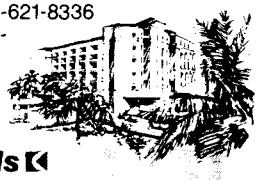

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the everyday snafus and misadventures that are supposed to accompany travelers in Honduras. Life had been ominously smooth. Now, as I set my sights on Copán, my hitting streak was halted. First, a charter plane that was to take me from Guanaja to Copán at 6 AM Monday didn't appear. After a four-hour wait I caught a commercial DC-3 to the coastal town of La Ceiba, only to learn that the next flight to San Pedro Sula—gateway, of sorts, to Copán—had been canceled. Rather than waste away at the airport I decided to try the overland route to San Pedro. An American Peace Corps volunteer I'd met in the islands, also stranded between flights, helped me commandeer an intercity taxi. Two hours and one hamburger stop later the driver dropped me on the outer fringes of San Pedro. Fare: only $4. There I caught a tortoiselike local bus into town. At 3 PM—hot, sweaty, hungry, tired, but still determined to get to Copán by dark—I presented myself to the Maya Tropic Tours counter at the Gran Hotel Sula. It was too late for the $40 guided tour, said the young clerk, who also discouraged me from renting a car and driving myself: too rough a road, not enough light remaining. We would leave together, Douglas Bailey and I, in the morning.

I see now, as Francis Robicsek observed in his book *Copán*, that the very remoteness of Copán makes it all the more mysterious and coveted a shrine. Even with the likes of Douglas Bailey at the wheel, it is a tiring, taxing, day-long odyssey. Somehow the bilingual young Bailey (born in Houston, reared in Honduras) drives the last difficult 40 miles—over rock, gravel, mud, and stream beds—as though he is going to the *supermercado*. The scenery switches dramatically between jungle and mountain, Alps and Amazon. Corn grows up the steep hillsides in beautiful braided rows. Cows stand plastered to the green slopes like figures in a primitive painting.

At 12:30 we were at the town plaza in Copán, a mile from the archaeological site and just 14 miles from the Guatemalan frontier. At 2,200 feet the air is hot, sunny, and delightfully dry. We had lunch at Patty's, a small restaurant and hotel, then watched a minibus full of *gringos* mount a dusty road out of town, leaving the plaza empty and still. We toured a small Mayan museum in town and then drove in the afternoon torpor to the ruins. Outside the archaeological park four brilliant macaws—the favored Mayan bird—played on a fence. We checked the guest register; there had been a group of 28 Germans that day—doubtless en route to civilized Guatemala City.

Ancient Copán, which flourished from 500 to 800 A.D., was more a religious shrine than living quarters. Entering the gate, you walk down a long pathway shaded by fragrant orange trees and suddenly a huge greensward opens up before you. Scattered near this main plaza, like abandoned chess figures, are 12-foot-high monuments, or stelae, that have been called "the crowning glory of Copán." Stela B, a towering figure with a Fu Manchu, has generated feverish speculation. Topping both shoulders are what appear to be elephant tusks. Since elephants never existed on this continent, could there have been Asian origins to the pre-Columbian civilization? "A delightful mystery," writes Francis Robicsek. We walked through the ball court, peered up at (but obeyed signs not to mount) the impressive and steep Hieroglyph Stairway; marveled at the two ancient, still vigorous ceiba trees, their roots twisting up through the rocks; climbed the Temple of Meditation and looked down on the Copán River, which flowed perilously close to the ruins until archaeologists diverted it in the 1930s; lay in the shade a long while and pondered the remarkable lost city; drove back to San Pedro in the softening light.

On a bluff near Copán a sign marks the site of a proposed 50-room hotel. I was told by the manager of the 15-room Marina—now Copán's most commodious hotel—that the new building will be finished in a year and a half, with swimming pool, tennis courts, and disco. Already work is under way to pave the rugged 40-mile roadway leading to Copán; by the early 1980s the ruins will be a civilized two-and-a-quarter hour drive from San Pedro. Furthermore, San Pedro will have its first large deluxe hotel next January; on roadless Guanaja I saw earth-moving machines beginning to clear an island-long highway; public health authorities I met on Roatán said they are near a solution for wiping out the biting insects of the Bay Islands. My mind reels. Is it possible? In a few years will they be doing the Mayan shuffle at Copán? Riding paved roads on Guanaja? Not scratching mosquito bites on Roatán? Will first-time visitors hear how wonderfully unspoiled Honduras was in the late 70s? I think not. I hope not. Surely there will be enough yesterday left in Honduras well into tomorrow. ◉

A former travel editor of Saturday Review, *David Butwin is a freelance writer. His column on travel appears in the* Christian Science Monitor *and other newspapers.*

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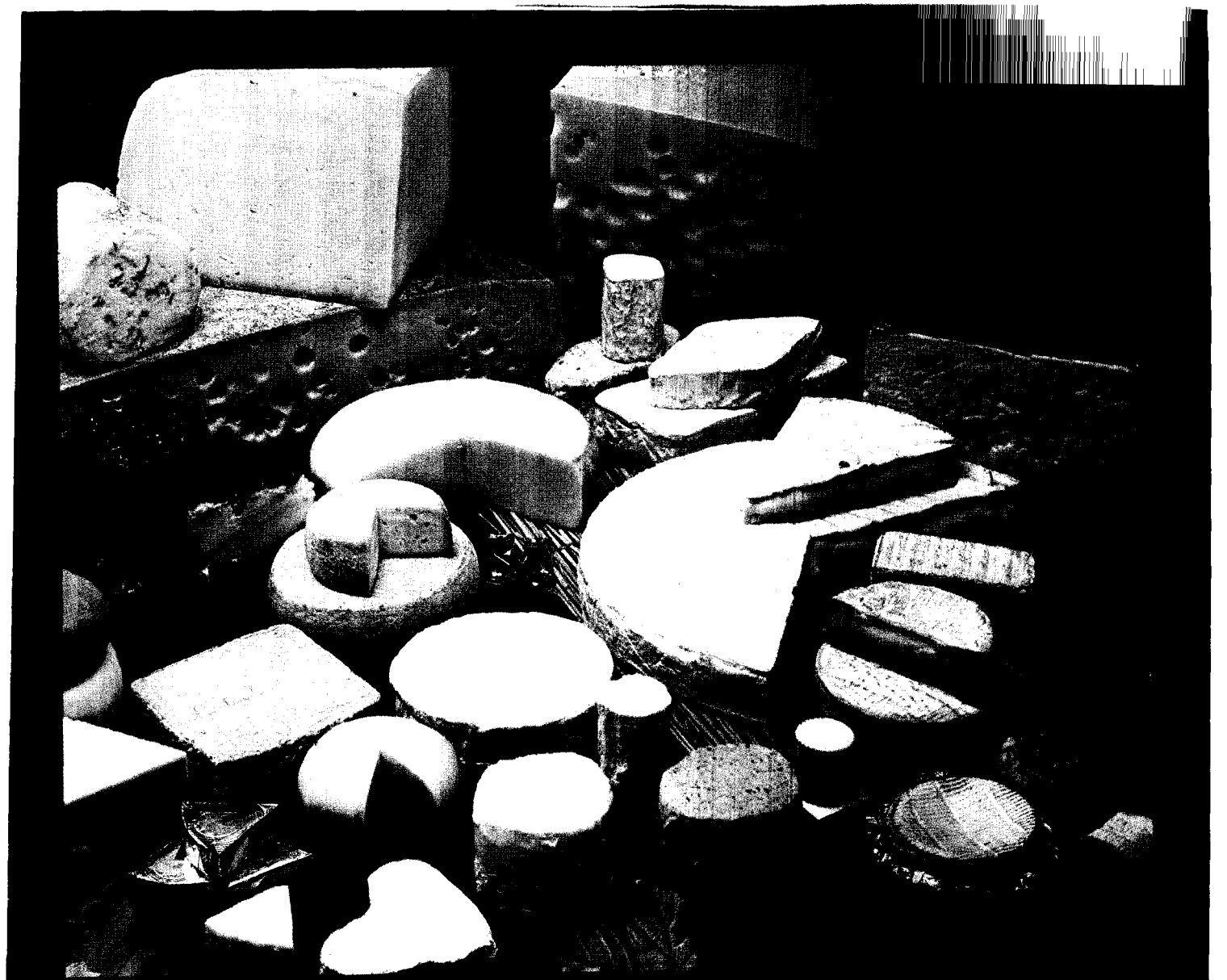

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GOD AND MAN IN GUATEMALA

Two great cultures, the Mayan and the Spanish, flourished and fell in this land of jungle and mountain. But their monuments and customs remain.

by James Traub

GUATEMALA IS one of those countries made for *National Geographic*; maybe made by *National Geographic*. The aerial shot reveals beauty in a variety of poses: the northern rain forest resembles a thick-pile green carpet, flat and dense with trees; the ensuing mountains, sharp and crowded, put one in mind of a bedsheet heavily creased by a body; and the southern plateaus, tiny plots of earth surrounded by immense fissures, look like so many precarious tabletops. Culturally, Guatemala covers all the bases; a highly advanced ancient culture, and its ruins; a highly elegant and barbarous colonial culture, and its ruins; and a relatively prosperous modern society, and, unfortunately, its ruins (a terrible earthquake in 1976 tore a seam the length of the country, killing 25,000). And it has Enrico Ruiz, otherwise known as Henry, guide extraordinaire.

GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM

The market at Chichicastenango—"A din of chattering, dickering, accusing, buying."

Although the nation's capital, Guatemala City, has almost nothing to offer the tourist, it can at least boast great accessibility. Pan Am flies daily from New York and Miami, with round-trip excursion fares at $460 and $315, respectively. Within the city, a forest of deluxe accommodations is being raised at a fever pace. The acme of swank, at least for the moment, is occupied by Western International's Camino Real.

Nothing becomes Guatemala City like the leaving it. The Pan American Highway westbound leaves the nation's capital in the direction of everything worth seeing. I rolled onto the road one characteristically sunny morning in a battered sedan piloted by the unsinkable and intrepid Henry. As we wound through the steep hills that cover the southern half of the country, we passed fields thick with corn, cabbage, wheat, sweet peas, and squash, with its small yellow blossoms dangling from the hillside. The corn is everywhere, wedged into spaces smaller than a golf green, clinging tenaciously to inclines so steep that the Indians have to tie themselves to a tree while they plant and harvest. It grows even in the midst of the stubby, blue-green fields of cabbage, poking out of the flat beds like cowlicks. Henry shook a chubby finger: "You wonder, why is this corn there in the middle of everything. People say, 'Those Indians are so stupid, how they let the corn grow.' But the corn, it is sacred to them." And then, Henry's mirthful, appreciative laugh. "They *never* touch it."

The road rises to 9,000 feet, where the conifers give way to stubborn sisal trees, their slender, candelabra branches swaying in the wind like a ballerina's arms. Suddenly, from around a corner, a silver finger of water, and then the brilliant body of a lake glistens into view 4,000 feet below, sheltered among high cliffs. This is Lake Atitlán, the greatest natural splendor of Guatemala, and a lake as beautiful, as limpid, as any in the world.

The lake, whose perimeter measures roughly 60 miles, is surrounded on three sides by almost sheer, ragged cliffs; but to the south, Atitlán is guarded by the looming presence of its twin volcanoes, San Pedro and Tolimán. And behind San Pedro one can glimpse the peak of yet another former smoker, Atitlán. For all their stolidity, the volcanoes lead a moody life: peaceful and protective in the clear light of the morning; brooding and withdrawn when the afternoon clouds sail in from the north, creeping up the shoulders of the peaks toward their summit; and at night, in the rainy season, when the sheet lightning flashes across the surface of the lake, splendid and terrifying in a moment of white light.

For the traveler untouched by the sublime, Atitlán also offers a 45-minute boat trip across the lake to the village of Santiago Atitlán (11 other villages, speaking three wholly different languages, are gathered around the shore of the lake). Santiago, like the other lakeside towns, bears no trace of the influence of the Spanish, who appear, fortunately, never to have found this cradled paradise. On either side of the broad, cobbled street that leads into town, Indian women sell parti-colored shirts and immense blouses, brilliant, tie-dyed material for skirts, and candy-striped pants. Guatemalan Indians are the world's flashiest dressers. The women wear a huge, square-cut blouse called a *huipil*, striped in every color of the rainbow. Every village has its own fashion in *huipiles*: some have vertical stripes, some horizontal, some have di-

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amonds or squares, some checks, some feature a red-orange-yellow progression, some blue-green. Nor does it stop there: flouting all the known laws of *chic*, women wear skirts and shawls as vivid as their blouses, giving them the look of impossibly decorated butterflies. The men dress with similar verve, though a great many more have switched over to the far cheaper *norteamericano* style, which comports a bit better with their solemnity of spirit.

Elsewhere on Santiago's mercantile boulevard, a toothless hag tries to sell a spool of brown cotton, which she spins ceaselessly as she hectors the crowd. A gang of tiny girls hawks equally tiny ceramic ducks, most of them with their flying apparatus already fractured, but with the compensation that they produce music as gracefully as a kazoo. The little ladies were apparently peeved with Henry for not having brought them dolls or toys, as is his wont; for Indians all over Guatemala, Henry serves as part Santa Claus and part Sister Teresa.

The principal feature of the town itself is the municipal market, where rows of stolid, unsmiling Indian women sit behind baskets and bushels filled with numberless varieties of peppers and bananas, paprika, yucca, grains, corn—white, yellow, and black; large and small; hard and soft. And then the tropical fruits, swaddling the buyer in their sweet, riotous perfume—watermelon, pineapple, canteloupe, papaya, and guava. Also, alas, metal watchbands, flashlights, and plastic urns from Japan. No one is immune.

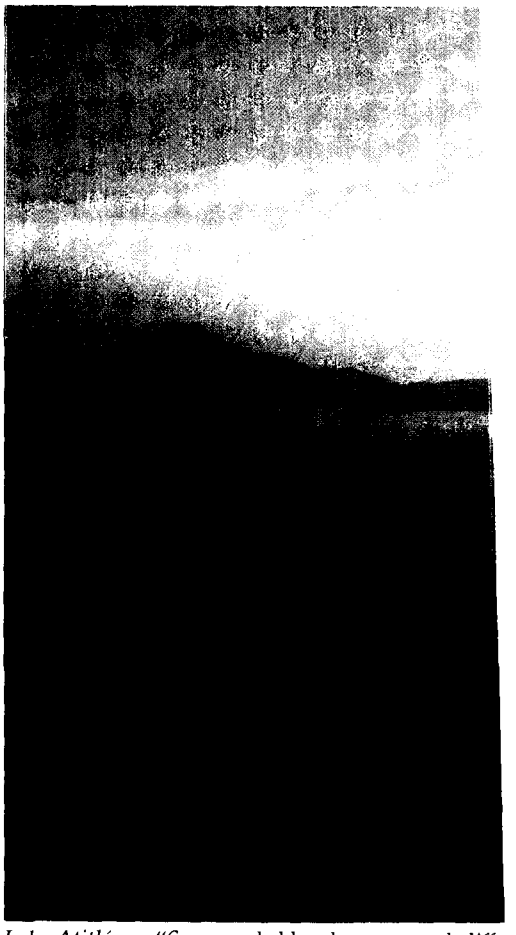
But the afterglow of Atitlán is left by the lake itself. As we recrossed the turquoise water, now turbulent with the afternoon wind, a bank of cloud began to mass behind the volcanoes; it pursued us toward the shore, billowing across the sky and filling the sharp creases of the hills with a thick, languid mist; and piled its black tufts against an immense, floating gray backdrop.

That mighty, proselytizing arm of God, the Catholic Church, swept across Guatemala four centuries ago, toppling over earthy idols and setting up plaster ones in their stead. That was the idea, anyway. But, as Henry liked to remark, "Those Indians, they are so clever," that the Spanish were never quite able to consummate their conquest. Thus in the market town of Chichicastenango, between the 8 AM Mass and the 11 AM baptism, the church is taken over, and the helpless priests booted out, by hundreds of Indians praying devoutly to Mayan gods with incense, candles, corn, and cheap liquor. This kick in the pants of the Inquisitors has been administered every market day for 300 years.

When the worshipers filed out, after a universal taking of Communion, Henry ushered me to a bench overlooking the narrow central aisle of the hangar-like church, enjoining silence. There I witnessed a ceremony untouched by the passage of two millennia, thrilling in its gravity and quietude. Only the men pray, though they often bring family members. The devotee kisses his bundle of religious paraphernalia before unpacking it, offers it to family members, and then kneels down before a platform raised several inches above the stone floor of the church, beginning the prayer ceremony. For each ancestor whom he wishes to propitiate he lights a candle, melting it into the floor. In order to pray for a rich harvest, he lays corn before the candles. He burns incense, packed in stout tubes. Pine needles are sprinkled before him as a sign of sincerity; for happiness and long life, he strews red and white rose petals. And at the end, in order to satisfy the thirsty shades, he douses the whole thing with country liquor.

In the midst of prayer, the Indians are extraordinarily impassive and dignified. Their low, murmuring tones never vary; they never look up; the expression of utter concentration never passes from their faces. They seem to be undergoing neither a rapture nor a reverie, but a moment of supreme earnestness. All the while, as devotees passed to and fro, tourists blocked up the aisle and gathered in knots near each altar, clucking delightedly to one another. The worshipers gave no sign of their ire, though, as far as they were concerned, the impious were treading on sanctified ground. Henry, on the other hand, was hopping mad. Every 30 seconds, when his anger boiled over again, he would sidle up to a new wave of tourists, gently herd them back into the benches, and come back mumbling imprecations about "those stupid Germans."

Meanwhile, not far from the solemn cadences of the church—at the doorstep, in fact—hundreds of merchants, and thousands of customers, kept up a constant din of chattering, dickering, accusing, and buying. Chichi's market is the largest in Guatemala, and ropes in the largest gaggle of cash-laden tourists. In order to accommodate these discerning customers, local retailers have taken to specializing in what Henry calls "hot antiques"—wood which has been soaked in water for a week, scored, pounded with ashes, and sold as colonial artifacts. Stone undergoes a similar process, emerging as ancient Mayan statuary. Henry is a connoisseur of fraud in 10 different media.



Lake Atitlán—"Surrounded by sheer, ragged cliffs

On the road out of Chichi I bade Henry find real Guatemalan food for me, since I was heartily sick of the cutlets and mashed potatoes which pass for cuisine in otherwise admirable hotels. We pulled off the road at a diner called the Chuchoy. Henry, who is a lecherous coot to the bottom of his charitable heart, greeted our proprietress, a diminutive, beaming Indian woman, and one of Henry's million or so good friends, with an immense bearhug. She promised to prepare a *comida típica* (native meal) for the gringo. Though Henry was preoccupied with trying to pull our sloe-eyed waitress into his lap—she resisted just enough to encourage him—he was good enough to help me plow through a half-pint of country liquor, a beer, chicken, beets, rice, thick, gummy *frijoles* (bean paste), a limitless supply of tortillas, and a huge plate of *chorizos* (pork sausage with ground pork). For this meal, which included postprandial hugs all around, we paid $4. But the merriment was discounted, not added.

That evening Henry dropped me off

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GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM

guarded by looming volcanoes."

in Antigua, a lullaby of a city, alive with mild breezes, where one could go gently into that good night. Built by the *conquistadores* in 1543 as their permanent capital, and balm for their colonial nostalgia, Antigua could boast, in its 200-year heyday (it was shattered by an earthquake in 1773), a population of 60,000; 60 churches, monasteries, and convents; and a large class of craftsmen supremely skilled in the working of silver, jade, wood, and clay.

Today Antigua smiles in a pleasant dream of its tumbled glories. Scattered throughout the flat, pastel town are the remains of its once-splendid churches, the facades standing alone like the leather-bound cover of a book with its pages torn away. The fluted columns of a niche guard no statue; an arch clutches pointlessly at the air like an unshook hand; weeds crawl up the neglected walls.

The stillness and grace of the ruins pervade the spirit of the city itself. Families stroll along the broad, cobbled streets at dusk, the air faintly stirring. Each street harbors its own lovely surprise: windows covered by the delicate arabesques of Moorish grillwork; double doors sporting a boar's-head knocker, a leering face of tragedy, and an elegant, lily-shaped design; a spiral column jutting from a street corner. As in Spain, the major roads converge on the *parque central*, around which are arranged the cathedral, the municipal building, and the governor's palace. The park is bordered by clipped apple trees, and dominated by a huge, stretching ash. In the early evening, couples whisper on park benches, children skitter across the lawn, and the elderly stroll along the walkways.

Henry finally left me to my own devices, though not before pointing out such neglected landmarks as the Three Monkeys Hotel, a self-service, one-night-stand accommodation on the outskirts of Guatemala City that promises not to hear, see, or speak news of the $10-a-night, sinful pleasures conducted inside. Without Henry's good offices, I remained befuddled during the last stop on my whirlwind tour, the ancient Mayan city of Tikal.

This, perhaps, is as it should be, since practically nothing at all is known of Tikal. An aristocratic city of roughly 40,000 people flourished in this most inhospitable of climates for close to 1,000 years, until its people mysteriously vanished around 900 A.D. During this time the Mayas developed the most sophisticated astronomy then in existence—they tracked the annual course of Venus to within 14 seconds—but somehow managed to avoid fashioning any tool more handy than the flint wedge.

On the other hand, nobody knows, since the Spanish, with their characteristic fanaticism, destroyed all but four volumes of the whole Mayan literature. Of their alphabet, their history, or their culture, we know little beyond conjecture. Nor, it seems, is anyone trying very hard to find out, since this vast site remains largely unexcavated. All around the city's periphery one can see vast swells of earth, knees and elbows heaving out of the ground. These are temples, reclaimed by the fierce generative power of the jungle 1,000 years ago, untouched today.

The only part of Tikal (whose name, my guide explained logically, is similar to the Mayan words for "sound" and "twenty," "so we conjecture that it means 'the place of voices'") that has been fully explored is the grand plaza. It's here that we can begin to imagine the grandeur of this vanished civilization: two towering, vertiginous temples, one of them 170 feet tall, square off against one another to the east and west, while north and south are occupied by twin acropolises. The temples are as steep as a sorcerer's hat, perhaps to encourage humility in the climbing aspirant; they must be ascended sidewise.

The acropolises are as complex as the temples are simple. The Mayas simply built one civilization atop another, so that each acropolis is a vast, labyrinthine honeycomb of apartments from 10 different centuries, each one squatting on the one beneath it. And these, in turn, stretch back into neighborhoods, courtyards, more temples; and at the crown of a nearby summit stands the observatory, almost all of whose abstruse calculations are lost to us today.

If anyone holds the key to Tikal, it must be the Mayas themselves. So slowly has their world altered that millennial knowledge may remain with them as folklore. Though their lives have changed in rhythm with the surrounding world, they seem to have turned the tables on the colonial army of occupation, like the uncircumcised parishioners at Chichi, taking the foreigner's dubious gifts for their own. Through a thousand years of decline, the Mayas have never forgotten the face of their own past. After a few drinks, they can still be heard to wail, "Tecun Uman is dead!" The great Mayan prince was slain in 1524. ◉

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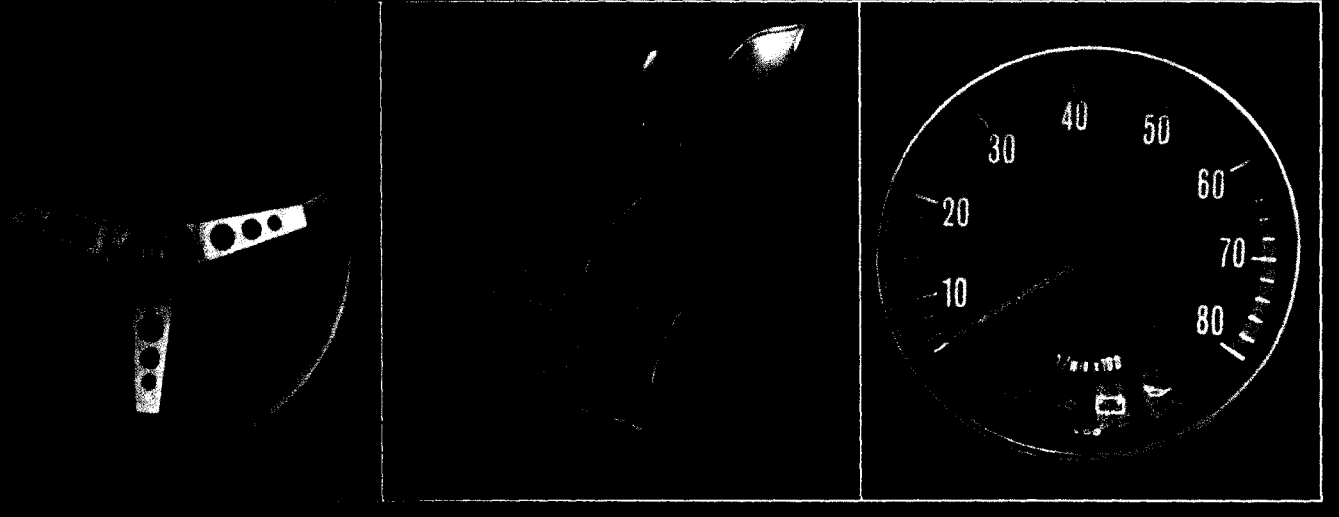

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PANAMA: A TREAT INSTEAD OF A TREATY

by Eva Hoffman

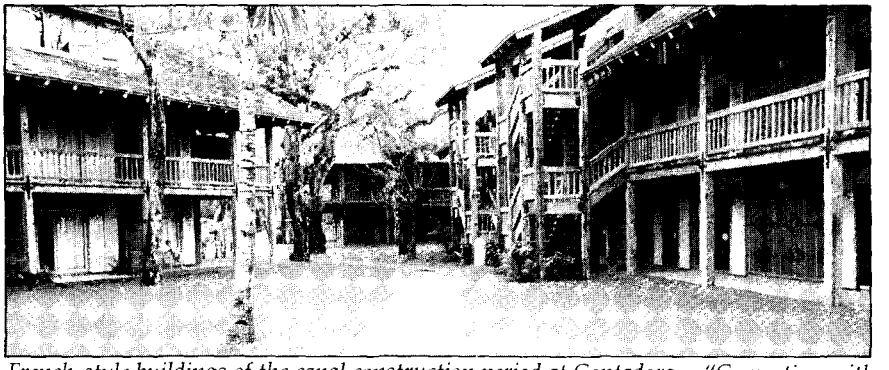
Fragments of a bygone era saved from ravaging pirates still survive, but the isle of Contadora, in a pearl-rich sea, is the true blue gem.

PANAMA, THESE DAYS, thinks of itself as a country with a future. The treaty has been negotiated pretty much to everybody's satisfaction, and Panamanians are waiting eagerly for the day when the Zonians relinquish that narrow but valuable strip of land and they can be masters in their own house at last. This is not to deny internal problems, which could make that house a contentious place. Torrijos is not a universally loved man, and even his alleged supporters are bitter about the blatant nepotism that marks his government and funnels jobs, honors, and assorted benefits to an inner circle of favorites. Nevertheless, the treaty has given Panama a surge of energy and a symbolic occasion for thinking about the country's direction and objectives.

Until now, Panama has not exactly been a magnet for pleasure- or curiosity-seeking travelers. There has always been international traffic through Panama City, but most of it has been of a functional kind—connected with the canal, or the city's central location. But now, the Tourist Bureau is working hard to refurbish Panama's image, and to turn attention to the country's less familiar and less pragmatic assets—its mountainous landscapes, unspoiled beaches, and indigenous cultures.

In Panama City itself, plans are afoot for restoration that will highlight the city's historical interest. The capital is a surprisingly rich repository of the region's history, a patchwork of styles reflecting the successive waves of adventurers, invaders, and colonizers who came to the isthmus for gold and the passage. There are even a few traces of the first Conquistadores—ruined walls of the original city, and an elaborately carved gold altar saved from the piratical Henry Morgan's ravages by a ruse (it was painted black by Panama's inhabitants).

Casco Viejo ("the Old Compound"), where the Spanish relocated after being routed by Morgan, is still completely intact, if somewhat run-down. The cobblestone streets, slanting down toward the sea, and the tight rows of diminutively narrow wooden houses summon the atmosphere of an unpretentious, busy seaport town; there is almost no separation between the house and the street here, and through the open doors one can see the plain, unadorned interiors.



French-style buildings of the canal construction period at Contadora—"Competing with the better-known South Sea haunts for its clientele."

The French, during their ill-fated sojourn under de Lesseps's leadership, failed to build a canal, but left several other edifices. The French Embassy overlooks a lovely round plaza, lined with several slender obelisks; atop one of them sits a svelte rooster, which symbolizes labor of the "early to rise" variety. These fragments of cultures jostling with other fragments are an intriguing but occasionally confusing mélange. Some of the older sections are run-down, and there are few guideposts to their important features. Renovation should display these layers of history more effectively, making them more intelligible to visitors.

But Panama's Tourist Bureau is well aware that it is present pleasures rather than the dramas of the past that will draw tourists to these shores, and one of its pet projects, chosen for this purpose, is a small, sun-drenched island 35 miles from Panama City on the Pacific side of the isthmus. How Contadora came to be a luxurious vacation spot, competing with better-known South Sea haunts for its clientele, is an interesting story in itself. Until recently, the island had been a forgotten place—a jungle-covered atoll in the sparsely inhabited Pearl archipelago in the Gulf of Panama.

Not that Contadora—or the archipelago—is entirely without history, lore, and legend. These land masses are what Vasco Núñez de Balboa (not Cortez, of Keats's celebrated gaffe) saw after crossing the jungles of Darien; Morgan hid his galleons in their coves before making his surprise attack on Panama. And then there were the pearls—magically abundant in these waters, and once the source of thriving commerce. The Indians of Balboa's time decorated their oars with them; the Conquistadores took them back to Europe by the bushel. The most famous pearl of them all, La Peregrina, was in possession of several royal personages before it found its way into Elizabeth Taylor's collection of unusual knick-knacks. Contadora, for a while, served as a countinghouse for this luminous wealth (hence its name, which means "the counter").

But in the 1920s, the oyster beds became dormant after being attacked by an unidentified disease, and Contadora once again receded into undisturbed obscurity. Then, in 1968, Gabriel Lewis Galinda (former Panamanian ambas-

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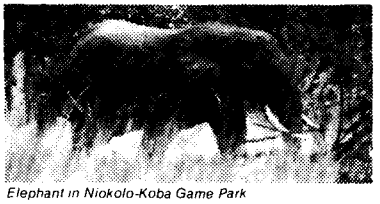
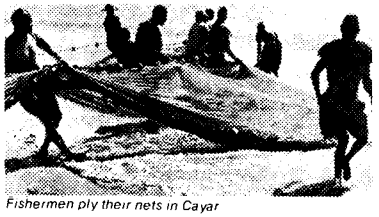


Elephant in Niokolo-Koba Game Park

Olympic Swimming Pool, Ngor Hotel



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sador to the U.S.) docked on the island after his boat motor failed, and was instantly captivated by what he saw. Soon thereafter, he bought Contadora for $6,000 and started building and selling. Ownership was transferred to a corporation in which the government is the majority stockholder. Development was swift.

Thus, within a few short years, Contadora underwent a transformation, if not from barbarism to decadence, then at least from primitivism to modernity. The result is a curious combination of a tropical setting and contemporary leisure architecture, with nothing in between—no accretions of local color, or accidents of age and deterioration. In a way, Contadora is the ideal resort.

From the air, Contadora is a small cluster of land surrounded by broad, startlingly white beaches, which separate the muted green of the trees from the brilliant emerald of the ocean; the island seems to extend into that bordering ring of water, to claim it from the open sea. The preferred mode of transportation to the islands is the smooth, low-flying, 20-seater airplanes that start out regularly from Paitilla Airport in Panama City. Braniff Airlines now offers, for $429, a convenient package tour to Contadora which includes a day's stopover in Panama City and five days' accommodations on the islands—a perfect length of time for a tropical vacation. Braniff also has daily direct flights from New York to Panama City.

Hotel Casino Contadora, which provides tourist accommodations and a base for most of the island's activities, is equipped with all the imaginable accessories of leisure—two swimming pools, four tennis courts lighted for nighttime playing, a pitch'n'putt golf course, two dining rooms, one of which specializes in seafood, and a marina from which one can rent the whole gamut of fishing and diving gear. The hotel exudes a sense of well-heeled, country-club comfort, and the visitor's pulse and walk slow down almost automatically in response to its reassuring rhythm. In spite of the few indigenous touches (the low, gable-roofed buildings are modeled on French canal architecture), this could be almost anywhere.

But what a lovely anywhere it is. On land, there are pleasures in a minor key. The posh, white-stucco vacation homes which, by now, line most of Contadora's hilly roads are surrounded by gardens, sloping down to the sea, and sculpted with giant rubber plants, coconut palms, and graceful almond trees; and everywhere, jasmine sends

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out its drifting scent. Animals also seem to feel that this is a benign place, and one can see them ambling about in perfect serenity—peacocks, geese, deer (they are imported), occasional iguanas, and even boa constrictors (they are termed "nonaggressive" by the people who live on the island, but then that seems to be the local term for all wild fauna).

The ocean around Contadora is a study in intense, pure, light-filled color. The showers, when they come, are usually short and heavy, and they darken the air—but even during the rainy season they are surrounded by long stretches of uninterrupted sun. It is easy to sit on one of the beaches—some of them spacious crescents, others just handkerchiefs of sand thrown between rocks—and simply watch the day go through its modulations. Or one can head out for the open waters. Fish jump, teem, and get themselves caught with an almost embarrassing regularity. Underneath, phantasmagoric creatures move among the volcanic reefs in an extravagant profusion of shapes and colors. The pearls are slowly reappearing; it is said that several of them have lately been found near Contadora.

A few miles away, the island of Pacheca provides a destination for an afternoon's excursion. This craggy shard of land is the nesting place of innumerable birds; they perch on its rocky cliffs, rise in cloudbursts, swoop, glide, and flutter above the island in constant busy motion. And in the water, groups of pelicans take their baths with all the dignity of distinguished elders. No one quite knows why Pacheca is so irresistible to the region's avifauna, but a dedicated birdwatcher can spot dozens of species from a boat anchored near the island.

In the evenings, Hotel Contadora acquires a mildly partying mood. People put evening clothes on over their tans, and chat against the background of a cocktail piano.

After dinner, if you are nervous about the excesses of natural health you have indulged in during the day, you can dare your blood-pressure to rise in the hotel's casino. Or, if you want to continue in the idyllic vein, you can take a walk over the monochromatic, slate-gray rocky promontories exposed by the low tide. In any case, the most strenuous decision you probably have to make for the next day is whether to play golf or tennis. Ah, la dolce vita. Ah, Contadora. ◉

Eva Hoffman writes on the arts and politics and is presently working on a book about American culture in the Sixties.

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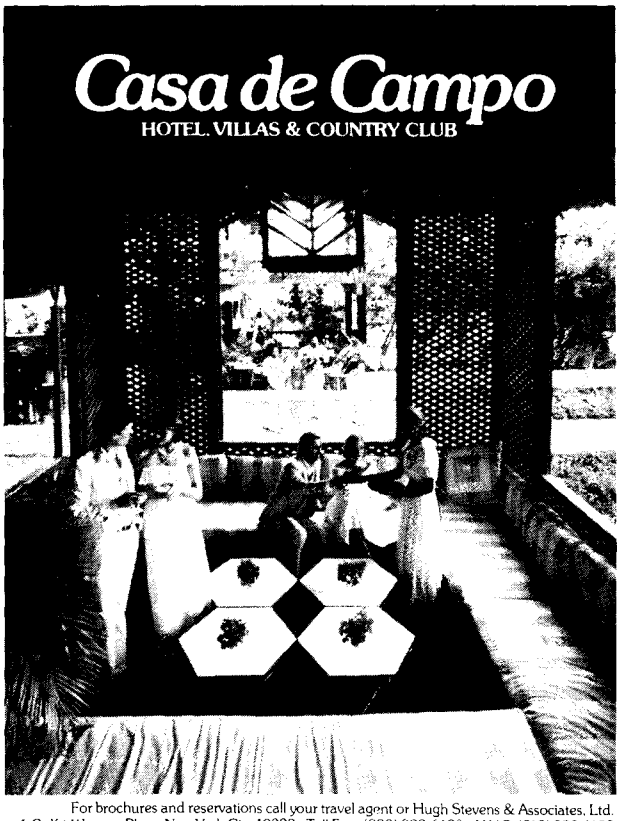

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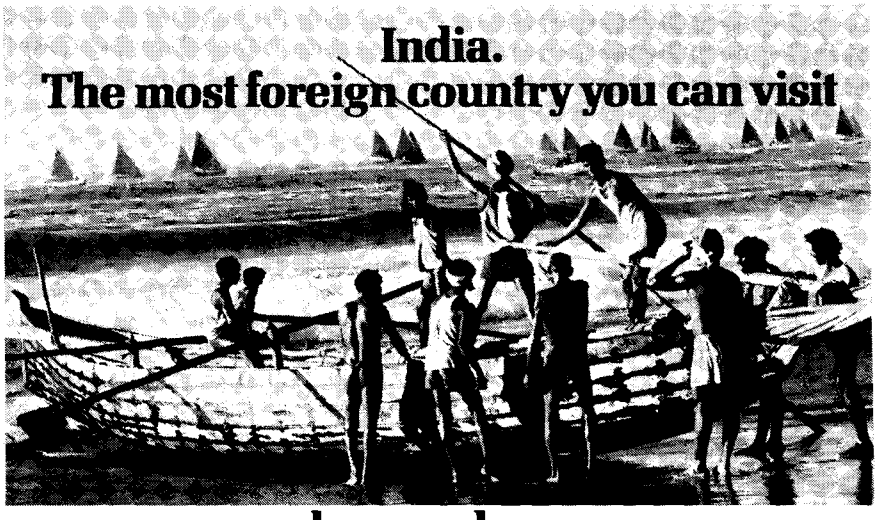

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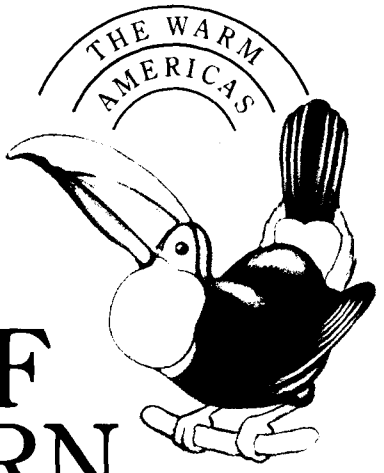

RIVIERAS SOUTH OF CAPRICORN

Two Rivieras, one Atlantic one Pacific, both overlooked by *norteamericanos*, keep Latins sunwarmed even while winter slush soddens northern feet.

by Juan de Onis

WHEN SUMMER comes to South America in December, there are two resorts that jingle and glitter like matching golden earrings on the Atlantic and Pacific coastlines of this continent. Apart from the magnificent beaches of Brazil, with the languorous beauty and compelling rhythms of that tropical land, the playgrounds that best combine fun, food, and freedom from urban cares are Punta del Este in Uruguay and Viña del Mar in Chile.

It is a long trip from Northern Hemisphere points to Uruguay or Chile (about $975 round-trip excursion fare from New York), but a traveler with a month's vacation can profitably include a relaxing week at either of these resorts in a journey covering such South American tourist attractions as the Amazon, the Inca relics of Cuzco and Machu Picchu in Peru, and Rio de Janeiro during Brazil's Carnival. Many American and European residents in this region rent chalets or apartments at these resorts for family vacations during January and February, when schools are closed. This is the height of the season.

Both resorts were once more aristocratic than they are today now that large-scale tourist development has begun. But they remain expensive, and the new egalitarianism is confined to a monied middle class. Travelers familiar with Mediterranean or Caribbean resort life will find these southern leisure grounds more rustic, but rewarding in simplicity and personal security. There is no racial tension or appalling poverty; crime is negligible. People are friendly and welcome foreign visitors.

Punta del Este—East Point—is a tip of land, like Montauk or Provincetown, that juts into the South Atlantic. It is 85 miles east of Montevideo, Uruguay's capital, over a good highway, and 45 minutes by jet from Buenos Aires.

Before World War II, this sandy peninsula contained little more than a lighthouse, some shacks of fishermen and seal skinners, and a few summer homes with red-tiled roofs. The boom began when wealthy Argentines, accustomed to yachting into the protected harbor, decided to make Punta del Este an exclusive summer residential area. The sea breeze was fresher than along Argentina's muggy shore line, and investors were seeking a haven from the Perón dictatorship.

LOU GARCIA

Playa Brava at Punta del Este—"Fresher than Argentina's muggy shore line."

The Punta is now 40 solid blocks of chalets, hotels, markets, handicraft stores, boutiques, restaurants, cinemas, a casino, post office, and the yacht club. This is where the 7,000 year-round residents live. But the most distinctive areas of the resort are behind the Punta, in hundreds of acres of pine and eucalyptus forest planted by early residential developers.

This area is wedged between two beaches, the Playa Brava along the Atlantic surf line and the interior Playa Mansa facing the calmer River Plata estuary. Some homes are small, practical summer chalets. Others, along the fairways of the country club, or facing the beaches, are palatial modern residences, designed by noted architects. Some recent home constructions are valued at up to $1 million. Wealthy Italians and Arabs, as well as local millionaires, invest in houses and apartment houses.

The lifestyle of the vintage wealthy is secluded leisure. They rarely go out to restaurants. Private dinners with friends follow a day at the golf club or on the yacht. Selected areas of the Playa Brava are the meeting place for young matrons and their children, with servants to watch the kids.

A more open style is followed by a younger set at Punta Ballena, a promontory overlooking Playa Mansa, where a community of distinctive homes has developed around the residence of Carlos Paez Vilaro, a Uruguayan painter and world traveler. The center of the community is a club with tennis courts, swimming pool, and all-night weekend dances to Brazilian or disco music. Mr. Paez Vilaro's home is so unusual in design that it is a tourist attraction with visiting hours.

For most of the 150,000 summer visitors, Punta del Este is a weekend thing or at most a week. Chalets are generally rented by the month at $2,000 and up. Most are booked well in advance through agents in Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Apartment-hotels such as the Vanguardia rent by the day or week, with two rooms and a kitchenette last season at $50 a day. First-class international hotels are limited to the San Rafael, with its posh casino on Playa Brava, and the charming Palace Hotel on the Punta, decorated like a Uruguayan ranch house. Daily rates for two last season were $96 with meals.

For younger visitors, the small Arenas Hotel, facing the Fishermen's Club on Playa Mansa, offers good value for $45 a day for two. There are motels, such as La Capilla and the Draga-Inn. Maldonado, an old Uruguayan cow town, is worth a visit for barbecued steaks.

Eating places in Punta del Este are always crowded in season. The best food in town is at the Palace Hotel, especially the cold buffet: chicken amandine, baked whitefish with Roquefort, and an excellent wine list. It is worth waiting for a table at Mariskonia, a seafood restaurant that serves Mussels Provençal from mussel beds on the beach below. The Troika, a Russian inn

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at the La Capilla motel, was a favorite last year with imported caviar and vodka, blinis, and shish kebab.

Some of the best things at Punta del Este are free—an early morning barefoot walk on the gritty Playa Brava, where the fishermen cast into the surf; a bicycle ride through the pungent pine and eucalyptus forest with red-breasted woodpeckers flitting through the treetops; or an afternoon with heat lightning in the cumulus clouds as the regatta boats race for the harbor before the squall that cools the air at night. It's a lot like Cape Cod.

Francisco Vergara, a Spanish Basque who was one of the early settlers in Chile, planted a vineyard by the sea, probably remembering his native green hills by the Bay of Biscay. When the Vergara hacienda became a town beside the port of Valparaíso, the people called it Viña del Mar, which means the sea vineyard. Viña is the shorthand word now used by Chileans to refer to the summer resort, the beaches and fishermen's coves, promontories, and dunes that stretch from Valparaíso north to Concón at the mouth of the Aconcagua River.

This coast is very similar in climate and appearance to northern California. The Southern Pacific currents come up from frigid Antarctic latitudes that are rich in mineral brine and plankton. The water is cold and full of marine life. The sun is hot, and it almost never rains in summer. So a quick dip in the salty water is usually enough for most people, and the tan that comes on the beach is terrific. The display of female forms makes girl-watching a pastime as rewarding as the spectacular celestial display of stars in the clear sky at night. Some of the world's major astronomic observatories are installed in Chile.

As in Punta del Este, first-class hotel facilities are limited, and there are no International Hiltons or Holiday Inns. The best are the Hotel Miramar, the Hotel O'Higgins (named for Chile's national hero), and the Hotel San Martín. Summer rates for two are $35 a day. These are all close to the municipal casino, a social center not only for its roulette, blackjack, and baccarat tables, but for its cabaret. They are also close to the Quinta Vergara, a park remaining from the old hacienda, where the annual International Song Festival is held in February. Musical groups come from all over the world and thousands of persons attend the concerts, after which the winning song is chosen.

Along the coastal road north to Concón, where bus service is good, a succession of beaches is interspersed between rock promontories, where the surf beats endlessly, and fishermen's

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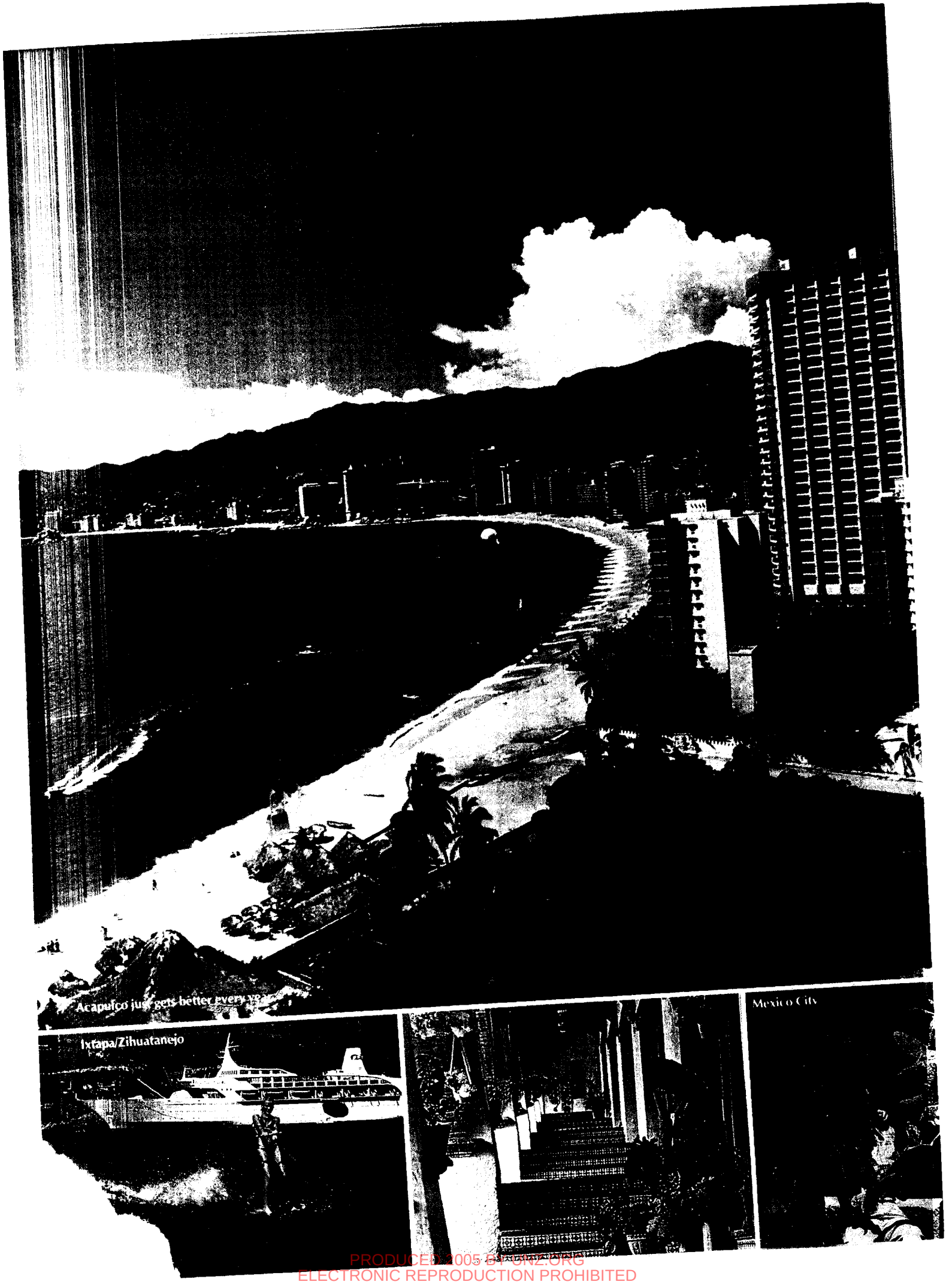

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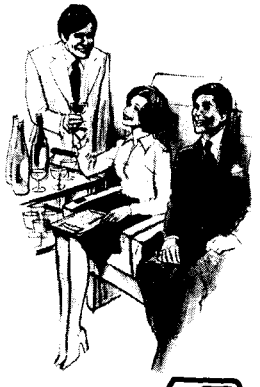

Mexico means many things to many people. To some, Mexico immediately stirs up images of the loveliest resorts under the sun. Brand new places like Cancun, Ixtapa and Cabo San Lucas. And famous paradises such as Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta. To others, Mexico represents a trip into the past... to the ancient Mayan ruins at Chichen Itza and Tulum. And to everyone, Mexico means Mexico City. Truly one of the great cities of the world.

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coves where the long boats put out before dawn for the daily catch. Crowds are always on hand when they return with the silver-sided corvinas and thick-bodied congrio. Clams or sea urchins are served while you wait.

There are famous restaurants along the beaches, like the Cura Nurin near Salinas Beach, which was a favorite of the late Pablo Neruda, Chile's Nobel Laureate in poetry. At Cochoa Beach there are the Pacifico and Toconao, at Los Lilenes Beach there is the Cholón, before the yacht club at Higuerillas, which is ringed by restaurants.

Most of the summer visitors who flood in from Santiago, Chile's capital, an hour-and-a-half by bus, rent houses along the beach or small apartments. For this season, prices are more than $2,000 a month. Motels are numerous, with cabins for four at less than $30 a day. Campers can find sites near Concón and on the dunes behind the beaches with electricity, water, and sanitary facilities. Viña del Mar is also a university city which abounds in pensions where students on vacation are replaced by summer visitors.

The main difference between Viña and Punta del Este is that the food and wine in the Chilean resort are outstanding, and the proximity of a large, interesting port city like Valparaiso offers a variety of night life.

Some people travel to Valparaiso just to eat seafood, accompanied by Chile's excellent red and white wines. Among the best restaurants are the Bote Salvavidas, the Lifesaver's Club, on the Prat pier, and Menzel's, a venerable restaurant with sawdust on the floor and booths with curtains, where the *paila marina*, or seafood stew, "revives the dead," as they say in Spanish. Lobsters, abalone, sea-urchin tongues with lemon juice and chopped onion, double-breasted clams, and fish prepared with oil and garlic are the fare.

Final note: Most people go to Punta del Este and Viña del Mar for relaxation, not intensity. These are not swinging resorts with jet sets or big-name shows. They are geared to family life and groups of friends who like to walk the beaches together, talking and stopping for a drink, while sons and daughters, who mostly know each other from school, make their groups on the beach. The enjoyment for a visitor comes from the beauty of the surroundings and possibly the hospitality of friendly people, many of whom have traveled abroad themselves. ◉

Juan de Onis, The New York Times's correspondent in Buenos Aires, has reported on Latin America for a score of years. He won the Maria Moors Cabot Prize and Overseas Press Club award.

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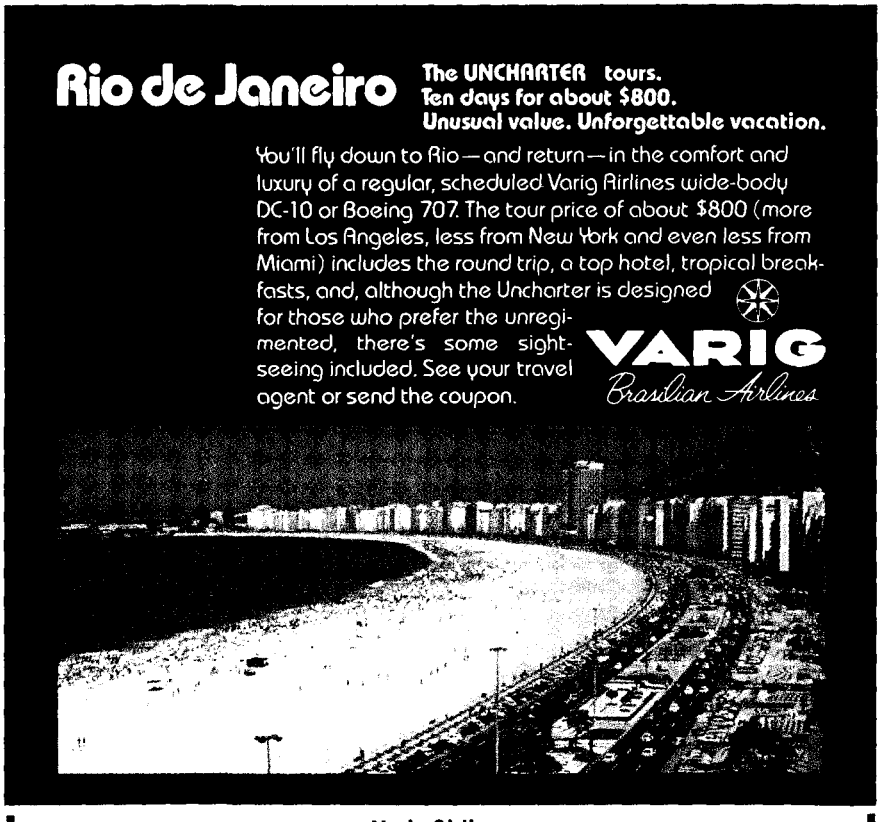
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PICKING A PECK OF PEPPY PEPPERS

Peppers come in hundreds of varieties and colors. They warm the Americas and ignite the unsuspecting.

by Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz

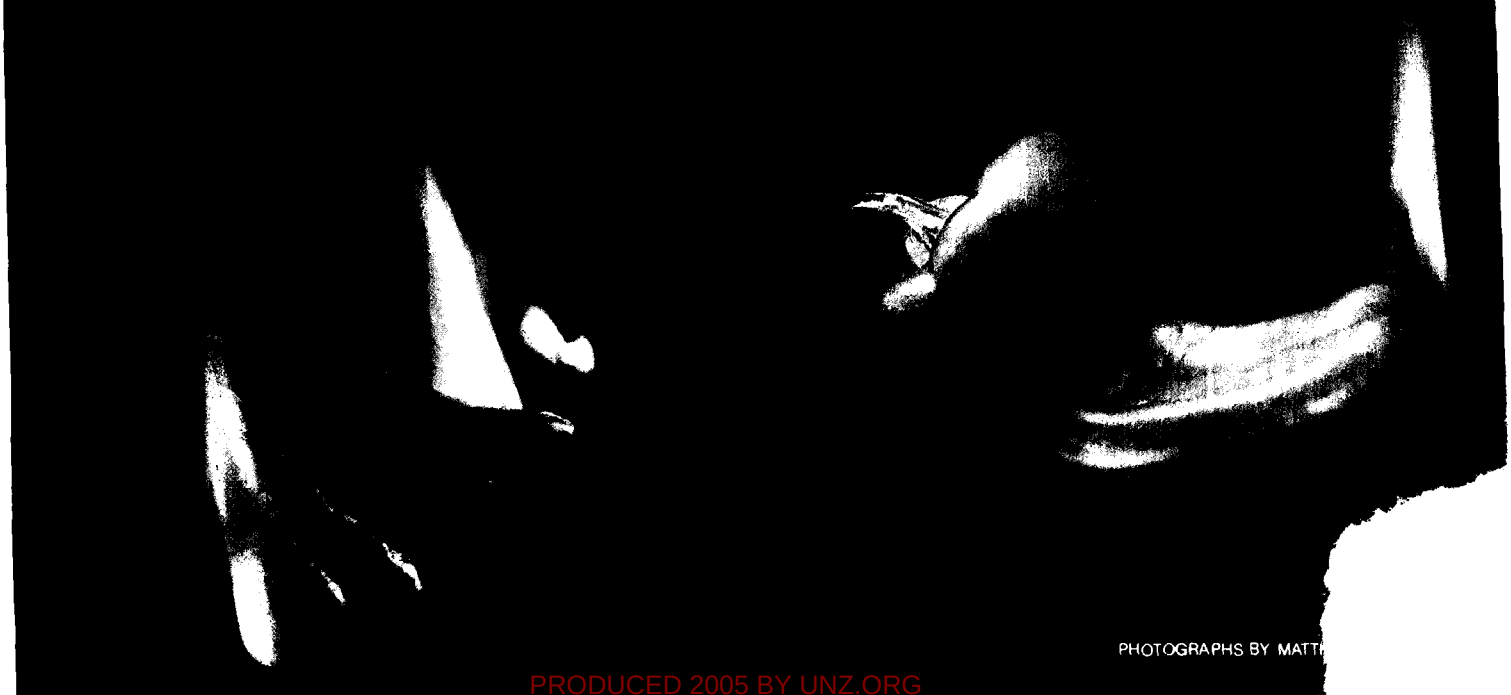
A LONG TIME AGO, when I was in school in Jamaica in the West Indies, we used to buy hot little meat pies from a woman who brought them each day, fresh from her kitchen, carrying them to us in a basket covered with a snowy white cloth. She had spiked them generously with a well-flavored hot pepper, which the Jamaicans call Scotch bonnet.

That meat-pie bearer, so long ago, awakened my palate to peppers which, I was to find, play a central role in the kitchen from Mexico clear to the tip of Chile and Argentina where South America breaks up into a maze of islands. They may be sweet, pungent, or hot; red, green, or yellow; large or small; smooth or wrinkled; fresh or dried; but one or the other of them will find its way into soups, sauces, and fish, shellfish, poultry, and meat dishes, enlivening them with a touch of fire, a mild richness, or an exotic flavor.

Later, I found my Jamaican meat-pie pepper all over the Caribbean—in Guatemala where it is called *caballero*, surely a hot pepper meriting respect; in Yucatán where it is known as *habanero* (pepper from Havana)—clearly a migrant returned; in Bahía on the coast of Brazil, where it vies with the tiny and very hot *malagueta*.

Living in Mexico, I began seriously to trace the genealogical roots of the pepper and to sort out the branches of the family. The contradictions in published works were so many that I took to the marketplace.

The markets in Mexico still have a great deal of the character they had before the conquest was consolidated in 1521, when Fray Bernardino de Sahagún — a Spanish priest — was



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wandering around them and making notes for his monumental work, *Historia general de las cosas de Nueva España*. They differ little from the day when Bernal Díaz del Castillo, a captain in the army of Cortés, and a splendid war correspondent, could write of dinner invitations between Cortés and the Emperor Moctezuma being amicably exchanged. The *tianguis* (market) was as comprehensive as a modern supermarket, perhaps more so, as cooked food was sold from great earthenware *ollas* (pots) simmering over charcoal braziers.

In these marketplace dishes a paste of ground peppers, herbs, and spices is sautéed in lard or oil, thinned with stock, and the resulting sauce put to simmer with freshly cooked meat or poultry, but simmered so gently it is almost steeped.

The books of these two early writers tell of their delight and astonishment at the great glowing piles of fruits and vegetables they saw in the market, unknown to European eyes until then. Four centuries later, my own delight and astonishment were the same, though I did not find as many foods that were unknown to me. But I did note a bewildering range of peppers that the women sellers, most of them still wearing traditional full skirts, blouses, and *rebozos* round their shoulders, with their beautiful dark hair in plaits, were only too happy to sort out for me. Other shoppers helped, too, and there were many lively discussions about regional variations of the name or type of pepper, or a family's special way with them in the kitchen, generously shared.

One discussion concerning *ulapeños* and *cuaresmeños* all but boiled over in a market in Querétaro. I was determined to sort out these two middle-sized, hot, smooth, green, tapering peppers, very alike, but to my eye and to my palate not identical. I had found botanists who said they were the same species. I'd found others who said they were different. My friends in the market confirmed my view that they were not identical, though almost; they said, *gemelos*, twins!—each with its own character, the *cuaresmeños* much hotter and not quite so elegantly shaped. They can, of course, be used interchangeably; the cookpot does not haggle over very minor differences, the way I am apt to when stalking the pepper family. Later, in New York City, at La Marqueta on upper Park Avenue, I found some *cuaresmeños* on sale and stood eyeball to eyeball with the man who was selling them, saying *cuaresmeño* to his retort *ulapeño*. It must have been very funny to passers-by, and since he was unrelenting, I eventually subsided with grace.

Peppers fall into two main groups, the red used dried, the green used fresh. The traveler in the warm Americas will meet most of them. Devotees

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of chili and that Texas favorite, the "bowl of chili," may be interested to know that peppers were first cultivated in the Valley of Mexico about 9,000 years ago. Their original name in Nahuatl, the language of ancient Mexico, was *chilli*, which the Spanish conquistadores converted into *chile*, and which is still used all over the world today. In chili con carne, the large mild *ancho* and any one of the small fiery dried red chilies are happy companions in the cookpot.

Peppers are wind-pollinated and cross-fertilize easily. Long before Columbus reached the New World, they had spread throughout the Caribbean and Central and South America. In the 500 years since then they have spread all over the world, becoming so thoroughly naturalized that their national origin has been forgotten. India, which once used peppercorns to give a touch of heat and flavor to its dishes, has long since switched to hot peppers. In Thailand a minuscule hot green pepper that seems to have concentrated all the heat of the world into its tiny self is thought of as native, but is called by its Mexican name, *pequin*, pronounced "pekin," which gives rise to some botanical confusion about its origin.

Though Mexican food has the reputation of being almost incendiary, the *ancho*, a large (about four inches), wrinkled, mild red pepper, is the most common of all. It is seeded, soaked, ground, mixed with spices, herbs, tomatoes, and often with ground nuts such as almonds or peanuts, sautéed in lard or oil and diluted with stock to make a sauce. It is used in the *adobos*, whether of fish, chicken, or pork, to make a thick sauce; in simple but flavorful dishes like *Pollo en Salsa de Chile Ancho* (Chicken in Mild Red Chili Sauce); in the *pipianes* where pumpkin seeds, or sometimes sesame seeds, thicken the sauce. *Ancho* is also used in combination with *mulato*, a pepper similar in size and shape but darker in color, more tapered, and pungent in flavor, and with *pasilla*, a long, slender, very dark pepper sometimes called *chile negro* (black pepper), hot and richly flavored, in the most famous of all Mexican dishes, the *Mole Poblano de Guajolote* (Turkey in Chili and Chocolate Sauce). This was a royal dish at the time of Moctezuma but may be had in most Mexican restaurants serving traditional dishes. It may also be made with chicken or pork. Mole may also turn up in that superlative leftover dish *chilaquiles* where it, or other main dish, combines with fried tortilla strips.

In addition to these three peppers there is the four-inch-long *guajillo*, slender, tapering, smooth-skinned, and bright red, which, like its fresh counterpart, the pale green *largo*, is mostly used to flavor pot-au-feu dishes and soups.

There are two other very distinctive dried, wrinkled red peppers, *chipotle* and *morita*. They are brick-red in color, smaller than the *ancho*, with *morita* the smaller of the two. Though used dried whole or ground, they are more usually available canned. I know of no pepper with a more unusual, exotic and exciting flavor, but they must be used sparingly. Peru's *mirasol* pepper, medium-size, tapering, wrinkled, hot, and either red or yellow, contributes flavor as well as lovely color to dishes. In addition, there are assorted small hot dried red peppers that can be used interchangeably, or one can use cayenne or hot paprika.

Many small and medium-size hot red, yellow, or green peppers sold year round the world over are usually called simply fresh hot peppers. Mexico's small green *serrano* and the medium-size green *jalapeño* and *cuaresmeño* are its most popular peppers. Brazil has the tiny *malagueta*, and there is the lantern-shaped pepper of the Caribbean, variously named and found in most coastal regions of Latin America. Any one or any combination of them can be used to make the fresh hot sauces that are as commonly found on dining tables as salt and pepper. They help to make life easy for the traveler who wants to experiment cautiously, as they are added to food at one's discretion. There are lots of dishes prepared without hot peppers that are enlivened at table, or dishes whose fire may be increased at will.

Ají is the usual name for peppers in South America. It comes from Taino, the language of a tribe that migrated to the Caribbean from the upper Orinoco river region of what is now Venezuela. Chile, the Mexican name, isn't used: which is just as well, as it saves confusion over the name of the country, Chile, which derives from *txile*, an Araucanian Indian word whose meaning is unknown.

It was not until I saw green peppercorns and compared them with growing, still immature little round green peppers that a puzzle was solved for me. At last I understood how Columbus had thought the two plants were related. They do look alike.

Not all peppers called *aji* are hot; some like *ají morrón* are sweet—our familiar pimiento. Other sweet peppers are very familiar, such as bell peppers. Mexico has the *poblano*, a lovely deep green pepper usually stuffed, batter-coated and fried (*chile relleno*), and South America has a similar pepper, the *locoto* or *rocote*. These can be a little *picante* and are often soaked in salted vinegared water to defuse them before cooking.

Though Peruvians like their food really hot, especially in such dishes as *Ají de Gallina*, literally "pepper of hen," a very subtle chicken dish despite its name, and the marvelous *ocopas* where potatoes, corn, hard-boiled eggs, shrimp or fish are masked in a hot sauce made from fresh cheese, ground walnuts, and hot peppers, restaurants tend to mute these dishes a little so that the traveler is swallowing food not fire. There is always that fresh hot sauce available for fire-eaters; and if there isn't any, then there is sure to be a bottled hot sauce like Tabasco.

I think that of all the peppers I've seen, the Peruvian ones are the most beautiful. In a Lima market I saw great heaps of them, sun-yellow, with darker ones closer to gold, and fiery red ones like the setting sun. Traveling in Peru and visiting Cuzco and Machu Picchu, I'd become very aware of ancient Inca sun-worshipping, and that market was like a shout of praise to the sun. I have never seen such concentrated yellowness, not even in the famous gold museum. Peppers themselves, sweet, pungent and hot, red, yellow, or green, add that golden touch and help add the warmth to the lively cuisines of the warm Americas. ◉

Author of The Complete Book of Mexican Cooking *and the consultant on Time-Life's* Latin American Cooking, *Elisabeth Ortiz is married to a Mexican and lives in London. Her newest work,* A Book of Latin American Food, *will be published by Knopf next spring.*

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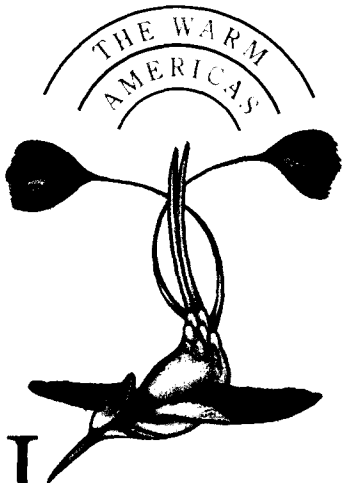

A POLITICAL PRIMER

From Cortés to Cuba, Latin America has not always lived in grace with its northern neighbor, but at last there are auguries for rapprochement.

A COMEDIC SINGER named Betty Garrett, appearing in a Broadway musical years back, belted out a song inviting South America to take back its rumba, its conga, and its samba. They were all giving her, so she sang, a pain in her sacroiliac. "South America," she implored with full lung power, "take it away!"

From a political point of view, Latin America, from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego on the tip of the Argentine, has been a nagging pain in Uncle Sam's sacroiliac ever since Jefferson annexed Louisiana. From the angle of sight of the *norteamericano*, there is the endless stream of military dictatorships, the penchant for effecting government change by political overthrow, the inequities of oligarchal regimes, the flowering of fascism and later of communism in the rich loam of social want and unstable government, the wholesale illegal migration of Latin peoples slipping through the ports and over the borders, forming the roots of an alien Hispanic society in a country that since the Pilgrims had seen itself—however distorted the vision—as an Anglo-Saxon nation.

Viewed from the opposite direction, that is, south to north, the Spaniards were in Mexico long before the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts, and the whole southwest, as well as California, was once part of Mexico. If Los Angeles has a million and a half Mexican-Americans, and is the second largest "Mexican" city in the world, it is because the United States adopted wholesale numbers of Mexicans in its annexations of California, Texas, and the southwest. It is a curiosity that until 1943 Mexican school children studied from maps which labelled former Mexican lands, half their original country, as "territory temporarily in the hands of the United States of America."

Latinos may with reason suggest that the United States is more Hispanic than it is likely to admit. A decade from now Mexican-Americans may well be a California majority, able to swing elections. On the other side of the nation, half-a-million Spanish-speaking citizens, 80 percent from Cuba, exert an economic force on Florida's Dade County, which includes Miami. Maurice Ferre, a Puerto Rican, is mayor.

Latin political power inside the United States may one day influence Washington's foreign policy. It could alter the propensity for political, military, and commercial intervention in the Americas which has been a chronic Latin complaint since the establishment of our Republic. Once the North American colonies had shaken off the British, Latin Americans saw themselves wedged between the imperialism of the European powers and the growing imperialist flexings of the young United States.

Although revolutionary Latin Americans, particularly Bolívar, took heart from Washington and other American revolutionaries, there soon began a long string of U.S. incursions into the Latin countries that were emerging in the early 1800s from the domination of the European powers.

President Monroe's doctrine was intended to wave off any European attempt to oppress or control the nations of the Americas. The manifesto didn't allude to any interposition in these neighbors by the United States itself.

Yet when a House Committee on Foreign Affairs chose to review the Cuban debacle in 1962, it uncovered more than 100 instances between 1806 and 1933 when a U.S. president used the armed forces to intervene in Latin America without the sanction of Congress. Two of those occasions—first when Polk occupied territory disputed by Mexico, and later when McKinley sent the battleship *Maine* into Havana harbor to evacuate Americans who might be caught in the cross-fire between independentists and a repressive Spanish regime—resulted in full-scale wars.

When the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor, killing 260 American sailors, the *New York Journal*, a Hearst newspaper, suggested that Spanish agents were to blame and offered a reward of $50,000 for their capture. Theodore Roosevelt, the assistant secretary of the navy, ordered Commodore Dewey, in Hong Kong, to bottle up the Spanish fleet then in Manila harbor. Dewey annihilated the Spanish armada and Roosevelt left government to form the Rough Riders, a hell-for-leather posse he commanded on a charge against a Spanish outpost.

By the time he was president, two years later, Roosevelt had developed an unshakable belief that the U.S. would be required to exert dominance over Latin America. He was equally convinced that a canal had to be built through a narrow neck of Central America in order to get U.S. warships from one ocean to the other. When his attempt to purchase a right-of-way across the Isthmus of Panama, then part of Colombia, was rejected, a revolution broke out—some say he ignited it—which brought Panama its independence. Roosevelt got his canal.

Roosevelt's cowboy diplomacy sowed considerable disfavor in Latin America, recalling the disaffection Polk had engendered half a century earlier when he sent troops into Mexico and took California, a move that evoked sharp criticism from, among others, Congressman Abraham Lincoln.

At the brink of World War I, Mexico broke out in revolution to throw off 30 years of dictatorship. By then American

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business had invested heavily in Mexican copper and silver mines and William Randolph Hearst was said to own more acreage south of the Rio Grande than comprised the whole state of Rhode Island. President Wilson's punitive expedition in pursuit of Pancho Villa nearly started a second Mexican war.

A few years after the Armistice, President Coolidge was faced with Mexican expropriations of American oil fields in Mexico, dispatching his Amherst classmate Dwight Morrow to settle the problem. It fell Morrow's lot, as ambassador, to entertain Charles Lindbergh, who had just flown the Atlantic. Lindbergh was to marry the ambassador's daughter, Anne Morrow. With Lindbergh's help, Morrow was able to placate Plutarco Elías Calles, the Mexican president, and patch together a settlement.

That was the background of American relations with Latin America when Herbert Hoover took office and began what was to become the Good Neighbor policy usually identified with Franklin Roosevelt.

Hoover's abhorrence of intervention—some 50 revolutions took place in Latin America while he was in office without interference from the United States—was based on his personal convictions as well as a reflection of the national attitude of isolationism which prevailed at that time. Roosevelt's hands-off, Good Neighbor policy, which he enunciated in his first inaugural address, had more practical roots. By the time FDR took office in his first term, Mussolini was rampant in Italy and the Nazi Party was gathering strength in Germany. It was Roosevelt's fear that fascist forces, which had fertile ground in South America, particularly in Argentina, could envelop Latin America, wiping out U.S. influence in its own hemisphere. Newsreels of the time showed Argentine troops in German-style helmets goose-stepping down the broad avenues of Buenos Aires. Cut off by protective tariffs from bringing its grain and beef to the United States, Argentina turned toward European markets, selling to Spain, to Italy, and to Germany, with which its large German community had many links.

In the Thirties, Nelson Rockefeller, making his first business trip to South America on behalf of Standard Oil of New Jersey, found himself at a luncheon in Venezuela, seated between the wife of the manager of a large U.S. company and a high official of the country. Forced to act as interpreter between the two, he asked the manager's wife how long she had been in the country. "Twelve years," she replied, "and before that we were in Mexico for eight years." Why didn't she know Spanish after such a long time? "Why should I?" the lady answered. "Who would I talk to in Spanish?"

The indifference and aloofness of American and British businessmen, sealed off from the aspirations of the populace, were harming their position in South America. The continental posture was better, especially in the case of the Germans, who had married into strategic families and were deeply involved not only in the commercial swirl, but in political and social affairs.

Roosevelt moved for hemispheric solidarity, supporting a resolution proposing that no state had the right to intervene in the internal or external affairs of another, a direct denial of Teddy Roosevelt's big-stick diplomacy. The U.S. had charted a new course.

Late in 1936 FDR traveled 7,000 miles by sea to attend a conference for peace in Buenos Aires, delivering an aggressive speech in which he denounced, in the epicenter of its Latin American influence, the hateful rise of Nazism.

The United States did not intervene when Gerardo Machado was overthrown in Cuba; it withdrew its troops from Haiti; it abolished a treaty that made Panama a semiprotectorate of the the U.S.; and in 1938, when President Lázaro Cardenas of Mexico moved to expropriate the landholdings of American oil companies, the administration held firm against intervention. Nelson Rockefeller, who met with Cardenas, got a lesson on the problem of relations between nations and their citizens. Cardenas recalled for Rockefeller the seizure of Texas in 1836, the annexing of New Mexico and California in 1848, and the incursion against Pancho Villa in 1916. Mexico's own revolution against Spain, Cardenas held, ended

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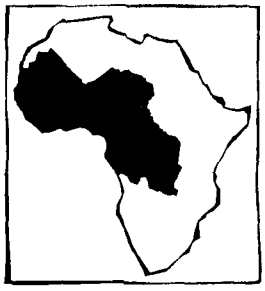

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the domination of Spanish colonialism in Mexico and restored the people's self-confidence. "That was our liberation from domination in our own country," he said. Expropriation would represent the end of external domination. "We must retain ownership even if the oil has to stay in the ground," said Cardenas. That was better, he insisted, than allowing the Mexican people to lose their dignity.

Rockefeller came away convinced that both sides had chosen the only possible course, considering their respective beliefs. The losses on both sides were severe, but lessons had been learned; there was no intervention by force, and the Good Neighbor policy survived. In the year of the Cardenas expropriations, Hitler was invading Czechoslovakia. The Good Neighbor policy would soon be stiffly tested.

With the outbreak of war Britain screened off Germany with a sea blockade that in one military move cut off a third of Latin America's markets. If Germany couldn't ship its goods to South America, it could send propaganda, and this it did in wholesale gobs. The Nazi conquest of the Low Countries and of France imperilled Britain itself, and the Nazi propaganda extolling the victories found receptive ears in Latin America. FDR called Rockefeller to Washington to head an agency to be known as the Office for Coordination of Commercial and Cultural Relations between American Republics. The initials for that mouthful, as historians will note mirthfully, boiled down to CIAA, the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Its mission was to work toward hemispheric defense by knitting together the commercial and cultural connections in Latin America. It functioned until 1946.

A month after Pearl Harbor, 12 Latin American governments either declared war upon or broke diplomatic relations with the Axis powers. Argentina, with the strong pro-Nazi elements in its Army, an isolationist president, and deep-rooted German sympathies, became a seedbed for Axis activity. Buenos Aires kept its telephone lines open to Berlin and information on Allied shipping was funnelled from the United States to Nazi headquarters by way of Argentina, causing a heavy loss in shipping. When Chile finally broke relations with the Axis, isolating Argentina, the military overthrew the Argentine president, setting the stage for the assumption of power by a band of officers headed by Colonel Juan Domingo Perón. The way had been set for a new dictatorship in the Argentine, and the field remained receptive and sympathetic for the vanquished Nazi leaders who would soon be seeking a foreign hideaway far from the Nuremberg noose.

Once the war was over the priorities shifted. Containing communism in Europe and in Asia and the fulfilling of the Marshall Plan to restore Europe occupied the foreign policy makers. The Good Neighbor policy so ardently pursued by Roosevelt faded into oblivion. On two occasions President Eisenhower dispatched his brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, to Latin America to test the waters and recommend policy. Traveling as vice-president, Richard Nixon was treated to threatening demonstrations of hostility when he was sent south in 1958. And Castro's assumption of power in Cuba in 1959 was a license for other Latin American countries to speak out strongly against the United States.

Kennedy responded with the Alliance for Progress headed by Teodoro Moscoso, the Puerto Rican who had so effectively engineered that island's Operation Bootstrap in the years following the war. The United States promised aid in the form of grants, loans, and technical advice for social benefits.

But Latin American leaders would soon question Kennedy's priorities in forming the Alliance. Was he expecting, through an aid program, to change the social patterns and lessen poverty, or was it all a giant scheme to combat communism? In two years Kennedy was dead, and the Alliance with him. Arthur Schlesinger has noted that although President Johnson retained the idea of the Alliance, he changed its leaders and so altered the direction that Kennedy had charted that the thrust lost power and began to splutter.

Four years after it had started, and two years after Kennedy's assassination, Moscoso said, "John Kennedy made the right diagnosis.... He saw a revolution in the making and he sought to come to terms with it. Money, skills, and bureaucrats were part of his arsenal. But even more important was that he took a political and an ideological stand. He stood for change—revolutionary change—and he said it in exalted places. Today we are still using money more than before. But do we remember that there is still a revolution going on?"

Whether the Alliance bogged because the aid programs became mired in bureaucratic mud or whether the national leaders of Latin American nations failed to live up to their promises of reform is a matter that is still argued. The most important achievement of the Alliance, Moscoso now believes, was that U.S. policy, for the first time, showed an appreciation that change and modernization had to be fostered if a satisfactory hemispheric relationship was to be reached.

Social need, however, rose with the leaping birthrate. The worldwide fever of nationalism did not escape the nations south of the border. Ultimately the United States found itself even more resented than it had been before. When President Nixon took power he dispatched Nelson Rockefeller on yet another mission to Latin America. The Rockefeller Report, based on visits to 20 nations, warned of new Castros to come, a possibility fanned not only by new nationalism, but by a deteriorating social fabric. The farrago in Chile, with commercial and clandestine involvement in the overthrow and death of Salvador Allende, the arrival of the junta, and the Letelier horror in Washington, scarcely eased the tensions. When yet another general was sworn in as president of Bolivia in midsummer, with the attendant arrest of 100 labor leaders, student activists, and proponents of human rights, he was the 150th president in the nation's 153 years of independence. He also brought the number of Latin American nations to be ruled by military men to 13.

And yet, as the summer waned and moved toward autumn, a breath of democracy wheezed out of Latin America. Antonio Guzmán, a Social Democrat, acceded to the presidency of the Dominican Republic, an office almost denied him when the generals who favored incumbent president Joaquín Balaguer had stopped the voting, which was sliding in Guzmán's favor.

Was there influence from the north? Well, President Carter indicated his disfavor with the interference by the generals. His delegation to the Guzmán inauguration included the commander of the U.S. Southern Command, as well as Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. But there was no dispatch of troops, and the augury, for a nation that had known severe demagogic dictatorship, invasions by U.S. marines, and corruption beyond counting, seemed at last to be democratic and decent.

"There is a generalized rejection of stagnation which has reached even into a recalcitrant church and military establishment," Moscoso says now. "The concept of indicative economic planning is now universally accepted, as is the need for shaking up these societies which, far from being revolutionary, are despairingly static." The people of Latin America might well ask: If today the Dominican Republic, why not tomorrow the hemisphere?

H.S.

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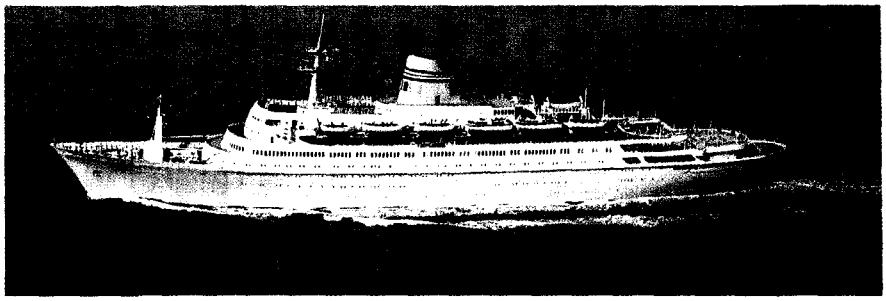

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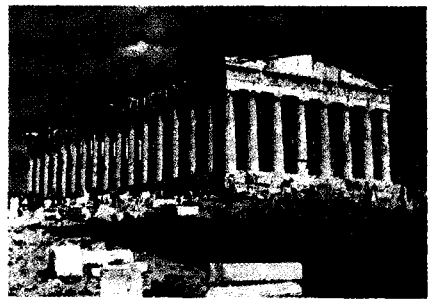

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THE LATIN PEN MAKES ITS MARK

by Robert Maurer

El Boom has come to Latin literature in the past decade. Shedding social realism, Latin authors have found a native voice and a worldly ear.

DURING THE early 1960s there suddenly appeared, as if generated in one simultaneous outburst, a number of writers and books of dazzling substance and stylistic inventiveness in countries stretching from Mexico to Argentina, from Cuba to Chile. The explosion of talent was soon labeled "el boom" by the Hispanic world, referring both to the unexpected quantity of the writing and to the spectacular rise of Latin American stock on the world's literary market.

Helped by quick translations into foreign languages, the boom at first centered international attention upon a handful of fiction writers, among them the Argentines Jorge Luis Borges and Julio Cortázar; the Mexican Carlos Fuentes; the Peruvian Mario Vargas Llosa; and the Colombian Gabriel García Márquez. By the end of the decade the focus had spread to include numerous new voices in fiction and poetry. It extended as well to older figures whose careers were well established before the boom started: to such poets as Pablo Neruda from Chile, César Vallejo from Peru, Octavio Paz from Mexico; and to such novelists as Alejo Carpentier from Cuba, Juan Rulfo from Mexico, Miguel Angel Asturias from Guatemala, and Juan Carlos Onetti from Uruguay. "Young, but healthy, vigorous, prodigal in its manifestations," as one writer described it, the boom for the first time in Latin American history had blasted a channel into the current of Western literature.

Even the most receptive North American readers, dependent upon translations, can be excused if their awareness of the boom writers was delayed until well into the 1970s. Though a sizable body of contemporary Latin American books is now available in English, translations have lagged considerably behind original publications. There is solace, too, perhaps, in our knowing that until the boom many of its best writers went unnoticed in their own countries. Today Jorge Luis Borges is one of the most widely read foreign authors in the West. But in 1937, his career already well under way, he learned that his *Historia de la eternidad* (*The History of Eternity*)* had sold 37 copies a year after publication. Typically, he took wistful pleasure in the news: "I felt like looking up those 37 people, thanking them," he said later. "One can more or less imagine 37 people. It isn't too many yet."

With slight variations, the story of Borges and his book could be repeated for most of the Latin American authors who now share widespread renown with him. In the first half of this century, Latin American writers often worked with a claustrophobic sense of limits and isolation. "Without a cultural environment that stimulated and pushed him," Mario Vargas Llosa has remarked, "the Latin American writer has been a man who fought battles knowing full well from the beginning that he would lose them. His vocation was not recognized by society, it was barely tolerated." As members of a tiny intellectual elite, they felt separated from their own people and from the rich, indigenous cultures of Indians and blacks still forcefully present in many areas.

Isolation from writers in other Latin American countries came largely from a pervasive belief in the primacy of national literatures, which reinforced barriers through exclusive mining of native literary material. Books published in one country were unavailable in another, so that younger writers particularly did not know what their counterparts were doing elsewhere. Aware only of a need to express themselves in contemporary forms, they rejected the traditional Latin American literary modes of social realism and protest, and sought their models in Europe and the United States—in "classic" moderns such as Kafka, Joyce, Mann, Proust, and Faulkner; and in later writers of every stripe who offered them room for experimentation and a way to develop their aesthetic concerns.

Although many causes contributed to the boom, the major one was the internationalization of its writers, the growing realization that their common interests straddled national borders, and that Latin America, as one study expressed it, is "a microcosmic crucible and melting pot" for universal themes that the Western world would accept and incorporate into its experience. Inveterate travelers by custom, opponents of political tyranny by conviction, many of the boom writers worked in exile; Mexico City, Paris, and Barcelona, after Franco's death, became their successive gathering places. They met and exchanged views during Writers' Congresses in Concepción, Chile, or Chichén Itzá, Mexico. Serving like *chasquis* (Inca couriers), they carried copies of their favorite Latin American books to other writers.

At home, relative prosperity after World War II created accessible publishing houses (notably in Mexico City and Buenos Aires) and a larger, more mature reading audience. The real turning

English titles mentioned in this article are not necessarily translations from the Spanish. They may also be original titles given to the English editions.

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point during the 1960s, however, was the appearance of an appreciative audience beyond Latin America, reflected in such events as the belated discovery in France, Italy, and the United States of Borges's enigmatic, labyrinthine short stories. In 1962 the prestigious Biblioteca Breva Prize given by the Barcelona publisher Seix Barral went to 24-year-old Mario Vargas Llosa for his *La ciudad y los perros (The Time of the Hero)*, a dense, exciting experimental novel set in a Lima boys' military school. The prize was one of the earliest in a series of important international book awards that culminated in Nobel Prizes to Miguel Angel Asturias in 1967, and to Pablo Neruda in 1971. Meanwhile, *Cien años de soledad (One Hundred Years of Solitude)*, Gabriel García Márquez's sprawling Rabelaisian fantasy novel about Colombia, had become almost the cult book of the boom soon after its publication in 1967. Selling an unprecedented 750,000 copies in the Spanish edition alone, the novel captivated millions of readers even before it reached American best-seller lists.

"Wherever we stand today we are at the center of the world, the point where all trends meet," Luis Harss and Barbara Dohmann wrote in 1967 in *Into the Mainstream*, their study of 10 modern Latin American novelists. Intended as a modest recognition that their subjects now see themselves as part of the universe, the statement nevertheless also catches a triumphant spirit of change, improvement, and hope in Latin American literature. Like most things on the continent, however, that spirit is ambiguous, tempered by suspicions that the boom may have peaked, that scores of excellent writers still undiscovered may remain so, and that the whole body of literature, born yesterday and always catching up, lacks the coherence typical of established ones.

For while few people can doubt that a Latin American literature now exists in poems, novels, and stories "within reach of our eyes and minds," as Octavio Paz told a Yale University audience two years ago, their diversity is such that discussion must continue about where distinctive unity lies. Is it to be found, Paz asked, in the common refashioning of languages—Spanish and Portuguese—different from their European sources? In cosmopolitanism, open sensitivity toward the outside world? In the predilection for the avant-garde in capital cities such as Buenos Aires and Santiago? Or, as Paz was inclined to think, residual in the temperament of Latin Americans themselves—an ambiguous, even con-

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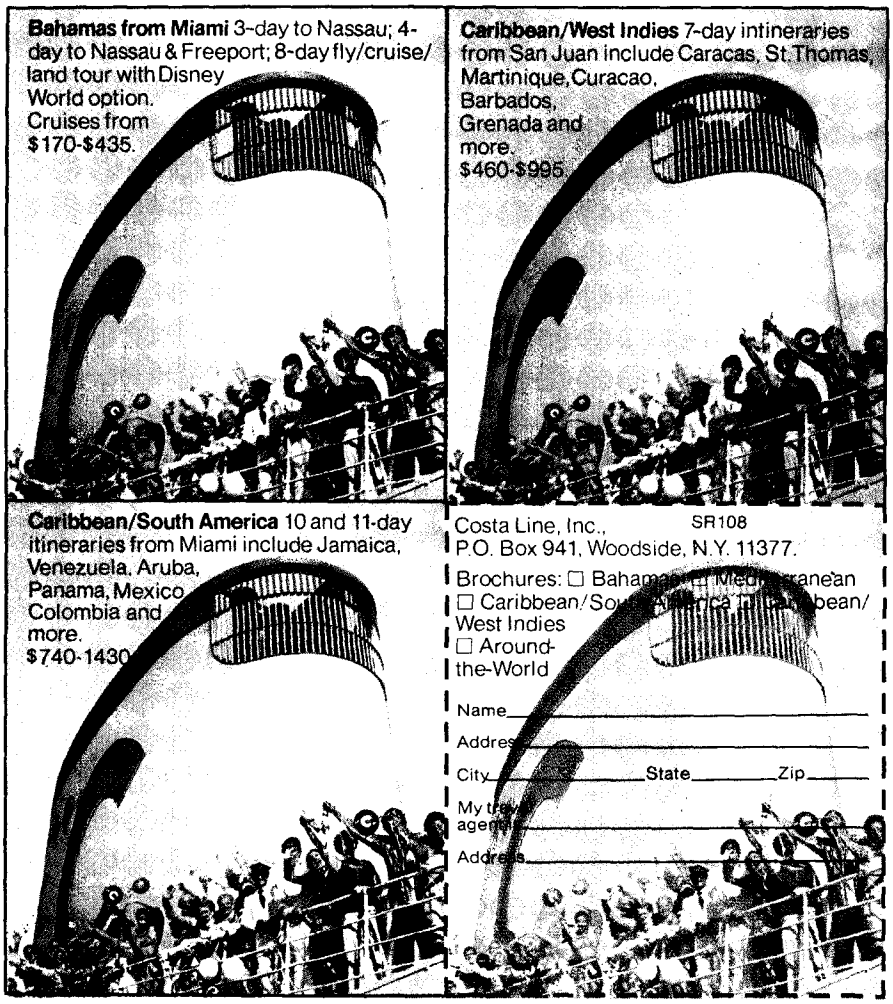
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and sky,
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___ must rely;
Whereas the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ in his lobster boat
Employs ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
skills to ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
afloat.

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 117

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E Y V W Y Z G W Y U F W J
U R C Z Z R K M U K V K
A C X X K B E Y Y X O E Y V
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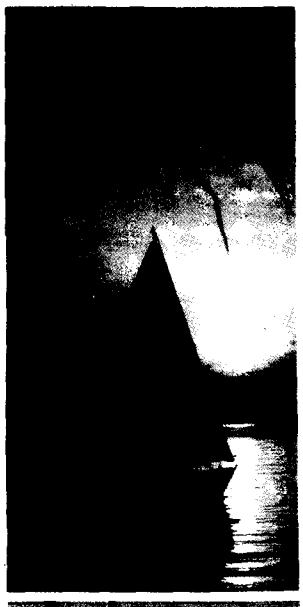

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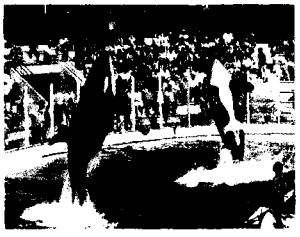

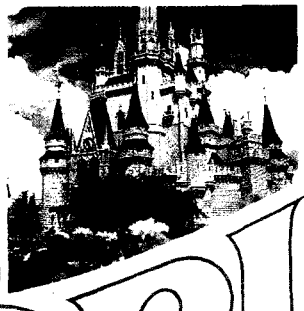

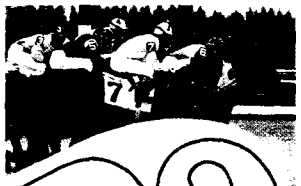

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tradictory character blend of primitive energies shaped by a long history of oppression, violence, poverty, and tyranny; but also of imagination, refinement, sensitivity, sophistication, humor, and joy?

Much of the new writing regards with a sense of mission the rediscovery of those primitive energies, particularly of the Indian inheritance, and the defense of them against destructive incursions of modernity. "We can contribute an earthiness, a natural animal force, a violence of new blood that will enrich western culture," Miguel Angel Asturias has said. Asturias's own *Hombres de maíz* (*Men of Maize*, 1949) is a mythical evocation of Indian cosmography, as well as a tale of disintegration of an invaluable way of life. Alejo Carpentier's *Los pasos perdidos* (*The Lost Steps*, 1953) follows a sophisticated musicologist deep into the Venezuelan Orinoco jungles during his search for tribal musical instruments, and marks his arrival, far back beyond colonial history, at an archetypal Eden. Ernesto, the narrator of José Maria Arguedas's *Los ríos profundos* (*Deep Rivers*, 1958), tells of his inner struggles between two worlds in Peru, the Europeanized one of his parents and that of the Andean Indians, whose view of the universe is for him revelatory and hence inescapable. Civilization and the corruption of natural forces provide dominant themes in the Brazilian masterpiece by João Guimarães Rosa, *Grande sertão: veredas* (*The Devil to Pay in the Backlands*, 1956), and in one of Vargas Llosa's most ambitious novels, *La casa verde* (*The Green House*, 1966). In Juan Rulfo's hauntingly poetic novel *Pedro Páramo* (*Pedro Paramo*, 1955), the hero's search for sustaining roots is also a search for a father, a figure who turns out to be a ruthless caudillo in a Mexican village now uninhabited except for disembodied voices of the dead.

A whole body of the new fiction, however, confronts our modern urban world directly. While the books of Carlos Fuentes deal increasingly with the broadest ramifications of history and myth, his early *La región más transparente* (*Where the Air Is Clear*, 1958) is a prototype for the Latin American metropolitan novel, a Dos Passos-like cross-section of a brash middle class in Mexico City that has lost touch with its cultural and political origins. José Donoso, probably the most talented writer among Chile's "generation of 1950," deals with the struggles between generations and classes in Santiago in his short stories and in two early novels,

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Coronación (*Coronation*, 1957) and *Este domingo* (*This Sunday*, 1967). Life in Havana is the subject of two extraordinary Cuban novels, Guillermo Cabrera Infante's humorous, linguistically ingenious *Tres tristes tigres* (*Three Trapped Tigers*, 1967) and José Lezema Lima's *Paradiso* (*Paradiso*, 1966). Argentina, perhaps the most cosmopolitan country on the continent, has spawned a host of fine urbane writers, most of whom remain untranslated into English. Leading the group, however, is Julio Cortázar, whose *Rayuela* (*Hopscotch*, 1963), about a group of Argentines in Paris, has become almost an underground classic of the experimental "open novel" in the United States, and whose equally complex *Libro de Manuel* (*A Manual for Manuel*, 1973) has just appeared in English.

On a continent where today only seven of 21 countries have freely elected governments, where Cuba is widely regarded as a viable revolutionary model, and where the writer, usually aligned with the left, is traditionally regarded as a social-political critic, it is not surprising that politics figures strongly in much of recent Latin American literature. Sometimes it is directed as documentary protest against foreign exploitation, as in Asturias's trilogy about Guatemala's banana plantations: *Viente fuerte* (*Strong Wind*, 1950); *El papa verde* (*The Green Pope*, 1954); and *Los ojos de los enterrados* (*The Eyes of the Buried*, 1960). More typical is his greatest novel, *El Señor Presidente* (*El Señor Presidente*, 1946), in which specific political issues give way to literary creation of an ethos—here of the psychological nightmare of dictatorship presented in clusters of almost cinematic episodes. Gabriel García Márquez, who expressed a full commitment to politics after the fall of the Allende government in Chile, charted in *El otoño del patriarca* (*The Autumn of the Patriarch*, 1975) the career of another dictator, one who reigns for 150 years. Soon to appear in America, Guillermo Cabrera Infante's *Vista del amanecer en el trópico* (*View of Dawn in the Tropics*, 1967) is a series of vivid, often violent vignettes from Cuban history that lead up to the Castro revolution.

Like contemporary writing in the United States, the new literature in Latin America cannot be reduced to a few common themes, nor, as in this brief essay, to some representative books now in English translations. Authenticity has long been an important literary concern in Latin America. What is perhaps the major accomplishment since the boom is the freeing of writers from traditional beliefs that literary authenticity is synonymous with the objective reality of a region or country, and that it resides with any one mode of writing. To most of the boom writers, all writing is a deliberate act of illusion, and though they invariably refer to a verifiable world, it is now more crucial that their work is aesthetically authentic—convincing on its own terms, springing from the author's own experience, intuition, and conviction.

Which explains why, as in the United States, Latin American writing today is a collection of very personal voices. It helps to explain, too, why so much of the writing deals, as if suddenly liberated in imagination, with the grotesque, or with fantasy so densely detailed that it seems like the only reality, or with irrationality so insistent that it somehow becomes like ultimate reason. Flagship examples of these tendencies are García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and José Donoso's remarkable *El obsceno pájaro de la noche* (*The Obscene Bird of Night*, 1970), a masterpiece of grotesque fantasy about Chile to match García Márquez's about Colombia.

How much impact can this new wave of writing be expected to have on writing in the United States? As critic Ronald Christ has pointed out, the novelist John Barth initiated a unique stage in U.S.-Latin American literary relations when he admitted in a 1967 essay, "The Literature of Exhaustion," that a Latin American writer, Borges, was an influence upon North American fiction. Whether or not Borges's example is a special case must await decisions in time. It is now too early to assess how usable Latin American circumstances are—a continent where, for example, writers seem so surrounded by the odd, the monstrous, the extraordinary, that they seem normal parts of experience. Less questionable is the potential usefulness for American writers of Latin American experimentation with language and form, which in fiction has produced works of such complexity (Cortázar's *Rayuela*, Fuentes's *Terra Nostra*, his most recent novel) that general readership is almost guaranteed to be small. There remains, however, a large body of poetry and fiction wholly accessible to most American readers, a garden of delight and an inviting doorway into a culture. ◉

Robert Maurer has taught Latin American literature at Antioch College and in Argentina.

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THE WARM AMERICAS

THE TORRID TANGO— IT STILL TAKES TWO

by Richard O'Mara

The most sensuous dance that ever scorched hardwood awakens the impassioned spirit of Argentines and gringos.

THE TANGO is too exquisite for its own good. It is grand and glorious, but like sex and the opera, it abides on the edge of the ridiculous and it has been one of parody's easiest victims.

There is some dispute over the origin of the tango. Some say it was taken to Spain by the Moors, then transported to Cuba, and thence to Argentina. Such African words as *iango* (Congolese), *tamgu* (Bantu), and *shango* (Yoruba) provide the philological evidence. But African roots notwithstanding, the tango in the form that we know today was born in the late 19th century in the working-class neighborhoods of Buenos Aires, in the port area, La Boca, San Telmo, and the suburbs. It was an expression of a criminal subculture and, more broadly, of the working class. (Ironically, only in Argentina has this class felt close to the music. Everywhere else, the tango has been taken up only by the middle and upper classes.)

In Argentina, the tango is thought of as much more than a dance: There are more who listen to it than dance to it. But then, the tango is ambivalence itself. In the lyrics, the man is usually abandoned—the woman has deserted him without compunction. Wallowing in the stinging pleasure of his grief, the former lover sings of her perfidy, shallowness, and ingratitude.

In the dance, the man is master of the situation. He manages the woman as he wishes: A light pressure of the right arm, placed well below the waist, and she turns at his will. He holds her tightly, his hands keeping the *mina* (viper) under rigid control. He gets the message across to every other man that this female is his, to do with as he

Valentino and friend— In the still of a Castilian night.

Ted Shawn and Martha Graham— Sultry as a sundown in Seville.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATTHEW KLEIN

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wishes. The roles are those of pimp and whore. Little wonder then that the tango was met abroad with horror.

Its first venture outside Argentina and into the Northern Hemisphere occurred just after World War I. In Europe, the dance was received with a mixture of titillation and antipathy. The guardians of the moral order went full tilt against it. A leading British magazine denounced it as a "dance of moral death." The bishop of Verdun declared it "a powerful dissolvent of French morality." The kaiser forbade his officers to tango in uniform. And in the United States, a typical reaction was that of humorist G.A.C. Rice, who recalled an American dowager's remark upon seeing the tango. "It's all right, I suppose, if they really love each other."

Nevertheless, the dance enjoyed wide popularity in Europe during the Twenties and then diminished in appeal. But Europeans never let it go entirely. About three o'clock one afternoon in 1970 I was walking down the carpeted stairs of the Hotel Nacional, in Madrid, when I heard music coming from a doorway. I traced it to a room of high columns with gilded capitals, where four musicians in tuxedoes were playing tangos—only tangos. Throughout the autumn afternoon, until the golden light pouring through the French windows turned hard gray, the people danced, chatted over the white tablecloths, and sipped sweet vermouth—by their manner suggesting great familiarity with the music, the dance, and the languid atmosphere the two inspired.

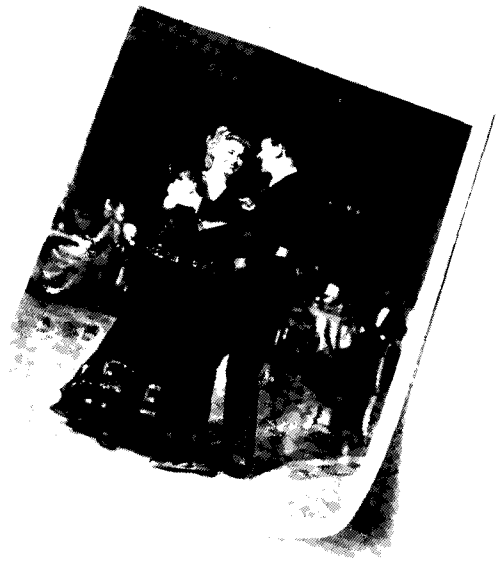
In the United States, accustomed as it is to passionate embraces and short-lived loves, the tango flared brightly, then faded quickly and almost totally from public favor. Hollywood owned it from the start, and today, the very word "tango" recalls a cartoon image of Rudolf Valentino (or simply someone dark and oily) gotten up as a gaucho, stalking across the screen as he did in *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

However, Valentino was an Italian, not an Argentine, and I have been told by people who know of such things that he did a poor tango. Nor are gauchos necessarily adept at the dance (they have a rich rural folk music of their own).

But the rest of the Argentine working class finds its musical expression in the tango. Carlos Gardel, the most famous of tango singers, is still revered in Argentina 43 years after his death. Last year I was in the pampa town of Santa Fe, where a new monument to the singer had been erected on the main street. Gardel's face, with its off-kilter smile, adorns the buses of Buenos Aires, the shoeshine boxes of the urchins in the subway. In that Catholic country, the Gardel face is almost as ubiquitous as the face of Christ.

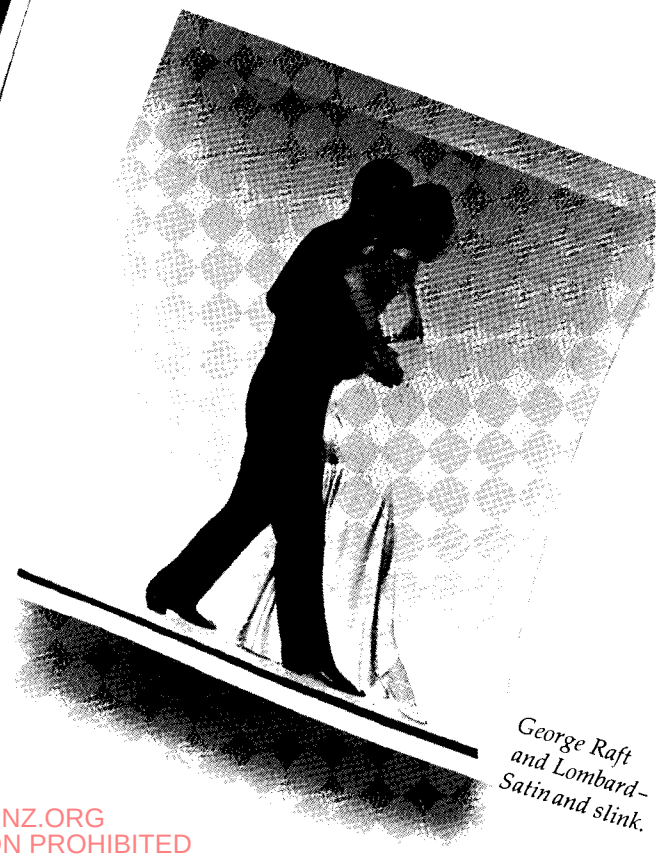
There have been a number of good tango musicians, composers, and singers besides Gardel. Among the best was Julio Sosa, who was killed in 1965 in an auto accident. (Many Argentines believe that a violent death is the only fitting one for a tango singer.) At the time of his death, Sosa was the unchallenged tango champion. Where Gardel's voice had been clear and musical, Sosa had a raucous, randy voice, and his songs were a lament not merely for perfidious women but for life itself. Sosa was famous for his voice and verve and the hard-bitten quality of his music, but he kept within the bounds of the traditional tango. Astor Piazzolla took off in another direction.

Piazzolla, as much as anyone, can probably be credited with starting the current revival of the tango in Europe. About 10 years ago, he began improvising on the tango. The Argentines, a traditionalist people, do not like experiments with anything that has served them as well as the tango, and they let



Ginger Rogers and Astaire— Footloose and flying down to Rio.

Irene and Vernon Castle before Sarajevo— Dancing chic to chic.



George Raft and Lombard— Satin and slink.

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their displeasure be known. Piazzolla expatriated himself to Italy, where he cultivated his new tangos (and won over the Italians). In 1975, he returned to Latin America. He was a smash in Brazil, where I saw him at the Teatro Municipal, in Rio, before he went on to take his native country by storm.

Piazzolla is both a composer and an instrumentalist (he plays the accordion), and his expansion of the ensemble allows for greater musical improvisation than other artists have permitted in the past. It is likely that he is the most accomplished of tango musicians. He studied with Nadia Boulanger, in Paris, and has played and recorded in the United States and throughout Europe. In fact, he first came to this country with Gardel, in the 1930s, when the latter was filming a movie here. At that time, Piazzolla's father was a bandonionist and an accompanist for Gardel.

Thus, the tango has been a lifelong preoccupation of Piazzolla's. And though he has changed and enhanced this music, his songs, like those of all tango singers, are suffused with hard sentiment and pathos. They are songs about the malaise of urban man and seem to have more in common with Sosa than Gardel. One of Piazzolla's friends told me recently that Piazzolla believes "the tango is, together with jazz, the greatest expression of urban music." Whether one agrees with this statement or not, Piazzolla's tangos are rich with that special clarity bestowed on those who cultivate the tragic view of life. In Piazzolla's hands, the tango becomes a celebration in sadness—the true song of Argentines.

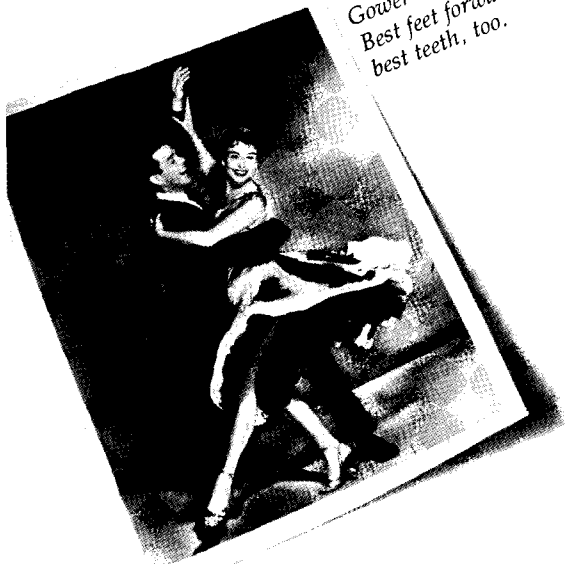
Piazzolla's music has much to do with the continued popularity of the tango. This, and the fact of the gloomy reality overshadowing Argentina today. In recent years, Argentines have been battered by severe economic and political crises. The tango, the peculiar expression that distinguishes them from all other people, is perfectly suited to reflect the erosion of the spirit that unremitting violence and frustration can produce.

Some critics believe that because the sense of place is so strong in the tango, it cannot be fully appreciated outside Argentina. Indeed, so many of the great tangos celebrate the city of Buenos Aires, the environment that called them forth, that the tango has been described as "the sound of the life of Buenos Aires, a distillation of the city." "A Media Luz," one of the best-known tangos, refers to an address on a Buenos Aires main street that is now a parking garage. The sentimental Argentines put a plaque on the wall telling the world that the tango was written about the place. (It is only mildly surprising that "La Comparsita," the most famous tango, was written in Uruguay and that Gardel, the greatest tango singer, was born in France—he was brought to Argentina as a child.)

The fact remains, however, that the tango—for various reasons—is increasing in popularity. Claude Fleouter, of *Le Monde*, wrote recently that "the tango is back.... Once again the strains of the tango pervade French radio, night clubs, and movies," and it has been all the rage in Japan for years.

In the United States, the reason for its revival may be disappointing. A little while ago, I called the Fred Astaire dance studios in New York, and an enthusiastic young lady told me that yes, indeed, they are teaching the tango, that its popularity has increased of late. The reason? The tango, it seems, provides dancers "with a lot of the moves required in the hustle." ◉

Richard O'Mara, former Latin-American correspondent for the Baltimore Sun, *is currently editor of the paper's Sunday "Perspective" section.*



Marge and Gower Champion— Best feet forward— best teeth, too.

Joe E. Brown and Jack Lemmon— The tango as a drag race.

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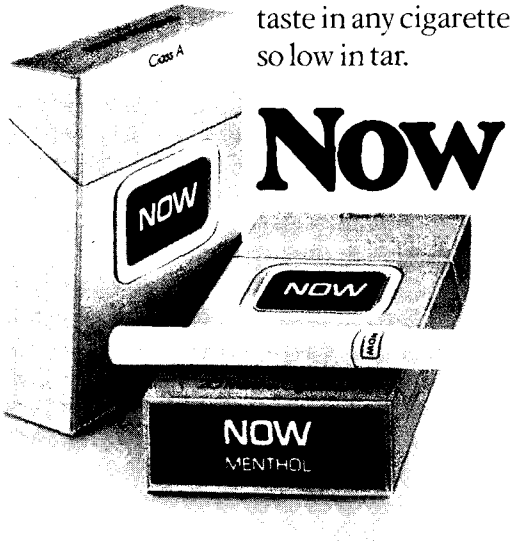

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LOOKOUTS

ALL'S WELLS IN YANKEE BALLET

Ballet need not be expensive to produce. Nor must it be housed at the Metropolitan or the Kennedy Center. New Haven's Connecticut Ballet, headed by Robert Vickrey and Robin Welch, is one of the smallest and one of our best.

Today's dance public tends to prefer stagings of the full-length classics or story ballets. The Connecticut Ballet has rallied to community desires and last season produced a most attractive three-act *Coppélia*. Bruce Wells (previously of the New York City Ballet) expertly choreographed acts I and III (Karen Williamson staged the traditional dances for act II) and performed as Franz, the hero—for an unbelievable $5,000! He also choreographed a delightful, highly imaginative, and exuberant *Midsummer Night's Dream*, set to Mendelssohn music and even to the spoken words of Shakespeare. His *Firebird* recently premiered in New Haven and his *Beauty and the Beast* is upcoming.

HABEAS CORPSES

For more than 25 years this self-taught Yugoslavian painter has worked the night shift in a hospital autopsy room in Slovenj Gradec, a village tucked in the foothills of the Alps. Each morning, after handing the "prepared" bodies over to their families, Tisnikar takes up brush and paint (he uses only organic matter—"The old masters used to make their own paints from blood and gall"—so we're sure he has no trouble getting art supplies) and sets out to resurrect the dead. He's not always happy with the results—he was once found trampling on a recent painting—but he did consent to being interviewed and photographed (with and without corpse), and to having his works reproduced in *Tisnikar*, by N. Tomasevic (Two Continents/ Summerfield) . Though macabre, his paintings are free of sensationalism. They are the work of a strange man, expressing himself in his own, strange way.

"*Self-Portrait*" by Joze Tisnikar.

DeCOCO WITH MUSHMALLOWS

Bay Ridge Italians don't *half*-do things. John Travolta dances to excess. The DeCoco family of *Bloodbrothers* loves, laughs, weeps, and otherwise emotes with heroic unabashedness. If you don't object to trauma heaped on with a trowel, don't miss the movie, based on the novel by Richard Price, and extraordinarily acted by Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and a Brando-ishly vulnerable Richard Gere.

SMALL-FRY FOLLIES

How to wait to be excused from the dining room table: Say that you are stuffed. If your parents try to make you eat one more bite, threaten to throw up. Slink down, nose level with the top of the table. Stretch. Lean back until your chair rests precariously on its two back legs. Fall over.

How to laugh hysterically: Call up a diaper service and sign up the lady next door for delivery. Or call up a stranger. Tell him that you are working on the line and if he answers the phone within the next 10 minutes, he will electrocute you. Call back and let the phone ring and ring until he finally answers it.—Scream.

Remember these strange and wonderful rites? Delia Ephron does. In her delightful new book *How to Eat Like a Child and Other Lessons in Not Being a Grown-Up* (Viking, November), with drawings by Edward Koren, she gives us these and other gems on how to cope with life child-style. Other lessons include: "How to Act After Being Sent to Your Room" and "How to Torture Your Sister."

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DIVINE LEVINE

The Arts of David Levine (Knopf) offers brief, and welcome, respite from the bizarre, anxiety-ridden—at times almost lunatic—work being tendered by many of his contemporaries. Though Levine's trenchant pen-and-ink caricatures are by now an institution, the delicacy and seeming effortlessness of his watercolors and oil paintings have caught us off guard. In the book of both drawings and paintings the artist has captured people, places, moments in time.

COPY CATS

In 490 B.C. Pheidippides ran from Marathon to Athens with news of the Greek victory over Persia. His spiritual descendants can now run the 26 miles in marathons sponsored by the Hellenic Athletic Assocation. The racers start at the coastal city of Marathon, wend their way through rolling country along the Aegean, heavy-breathe uphill,and then trek downhill to Athens. Participating last May were about 2,000 runners. On October 21 the hospitable Greeks hosted a second race and there is yet another one scheduled for the coming spring.

GRAVY FROM TURKEYED HASH

When he was arrested and jailed in Turkey a couple of years ago, Billy Hayes, of Babylon, New York, was front-page news. Charged with possession of hashish, he was sentenced to 4 years—the Turks tend to view young drug dealers in a less than romantic light. In a retrial, the prosecutor changed the charges to smuggling in an attempt to have Hayes hit with a life sentence, but the Turks gave the kid a break—30 years. After a period of almost suicidal despair, Billy managed to escape in 1975, and now he's turned this near-tragedy into a minor gold mine. This month Columbia Pictures is releasing *Midnight Express*, based on Hayes's book of that title and starring Brad Davis. A warning: The film is for strong stomachs only.

JOEL'S ANTIDOTE

In the next decade, color will, for a brief time at least, offer a new set of challenges and, equally, new possibilities for original vision in photography. Joel Meyerowitz, whose subtle color pictures of Cape Cod will be shown at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts from November 14 to January 1, is one of the most extraordinary definers of that vocabulary. Like certain of his contemporaries, Meyerowitz produces work that can be viewed as the antidote to the relentlessly gorgeous magazine pages that form most people's idea of what color photography is. He tends to choose subjects for which the color range is narrow, and lately has been reducing even this diminished spectrum by photographing late in the day. As with other examples of "less is more," the idea is to make a given element—in this case color—more important by its scarcity. Because Meyerowitz is a brilliant photographer first, and a color theorist second, he succeeds in exquisite, haunting ways.

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TELEVISION

The Gulag of Reviewing

by Karl E. Meyer

A GLANCE AT the calendar alerts me to the surprising fact that I have just begun my fourth year in this berth. At the risk of appearing self-serving, I would like to say a few words about the state of television reviewing. It is not good. Questions of quality aside, the quantity is derisory. I know of no other form of expression in which there is a greater disparity between popular availability and critical attention—in the case of television, familiarity seems to breed contemptuous neglect.

An off-Broadway play, seen at most by thousands of people, is taken more seriously than a TV mini-series that will be viewed by tens of millions. The feeblest movie, perpetrated by the most inconsequential director, will attract more critical notice than a first-rate television documentary that addresses a subject of obvious importance. This is true even though most television programs are available for advance screenings, affording the critic an enviable chance to inform a national audience about an event that can be seen at home, at no charge.

Television remains scarred by its ugly birthmark. It is still condescendingly perceived, as it was in the formative 1950s, as the boob tube and the idiot box. In a sense, television has taken over the cultural Gulag once occupied by the movies; it was a rash highbrow, in the 1920s, who would brave titters by arguing (as did Gilbert Seldes in his pioneering *The Seven Lively Arts*) that Charlie Chaplin and D.W. Griffiths were "serious" artists.

TIME'S CULTURAL COVERAGE

Number of columns devoted to:	June (4 issues)	July (5 issues)	August (4 issues)	Total (13 issues)
BOOKS	32	41	29	102
CINEMA	10½	25½	16	52
MUSIC	11	21	10½	42½
ART	15	12	12	39
THEATER	12	8	5	25
SHOW BUSINESS	10	6	11	27
TELEVISION	2	4	0	6

Nowadays, every national magazine employs a film critic, and few jobs are as coveted (one gets the impression that the life's ambition of every red-blooded American youth is to become a cinema critic). No movie ad is complete without its garland of approving comments by the likes of Kael and Canby, Sarris and Simon, Schickel and Kroll, Haskell and Schlesinger, Crist and Cocks. In the other established arts—drama, music, dance, painting, and sculpture—there are critics with the same authority, if not glamour.

By contrast, television criticism is conspicuous by its absence. To be sure, a few major newspapers, such as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, feature daily reviews, often written with verve and bite. But aside from the *Saturday Review* (an unwelcome distinction), I cannot name a single general-interest national magazine that publishes a TV column in most issues.

The *New Yorker*'s Michael Arlen has few peers as a reflective essayist on television, but he appears too infrequently. Over at *New York*, which faithfully covers the other arts, there has never been sustained coverage of television. *Esquire* deals with TV only when its regular columnists, like Richard Reeves, feel so inclined. The *New Republic* publishes James Lardner's television column from time to time, but on just that basis—from time to time. *New Times* has the usual film critic, but no television counterpart. Neither the *Atlantic* nor *Harper's* cares to dignify television with continuous attention. Ditto the *Nation*. However, after ignoring TV for years, the *Village Voice*, to its credit, now features the hyperfluent James Wolcott.

Without such specialized journals as *American Film* (edited by Hollis Alpert, a former *SR* critic, and published by the American Film Institute), the situation would be close to desperate. Suspecting that even *Time* and *Newsweek* also keep their television departments on starvation rations, I undertook a column-by-column census of back-of-the-book coverage in 13 consecutive issues of *Time*, with results tabulated above. According to my count, *Time* found space to review 62 books, 28 movies, 11 plays, 8 art exhibitions, and just 3 television programs. If one is to credit *Time*, the only TV programs that mattered in nearly three months were ABC's fine documentary, "Youth Terror: The View from Behind the Gun"; PBS's "The Norman Conquests," a British import; and a retrospective on public television of Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" interviews. Though the newsweeklies devote considerable attention to TV profits, salaries, and ratings, they rarely find any TV program deserving of critical comment.

With the new fall season upon us, we can expect that the newsweeklies will churn out the predictable cover story on the prime-time puerility of network programming. And the same magazines will continue to lavish space on third-rate movies while routinely ignoring anything superior on television. Small wonder that so many of television's talented people regard the medium as a preparation for a really serious career—like making mediocre movies for a coterie audience. If it is a boob tube, we are getting only what we deserve. ◉

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Hurry up. And wait.

Summer is its own time in most of the world. But here in the Napa Valley wine country summer is a fidgety, fiddling, waiting, tidying up, pregnant, getting-ready time. Before the harvest, before the crush, before Autumn.

In the vineyards, the workers tie, thin and cultivate. The work is hot, hotter, hottest.

Up behind Beringer's Rhine House–in the caves the Chinese workmen carved a hundred years ago–our '77 Chardonnay snoozes the summer away in small oak barrels. We'll let it rest there through winter and bottle it next February.

Five miles south, near Rutherford, just before you get to Beaulieu Vineyards and Inglenook, we spend the morning walking through eighteen acres of twenty-two year old Cabernet Sauvignon vines. We have no reason for being there. Chalk it up to parenthood.

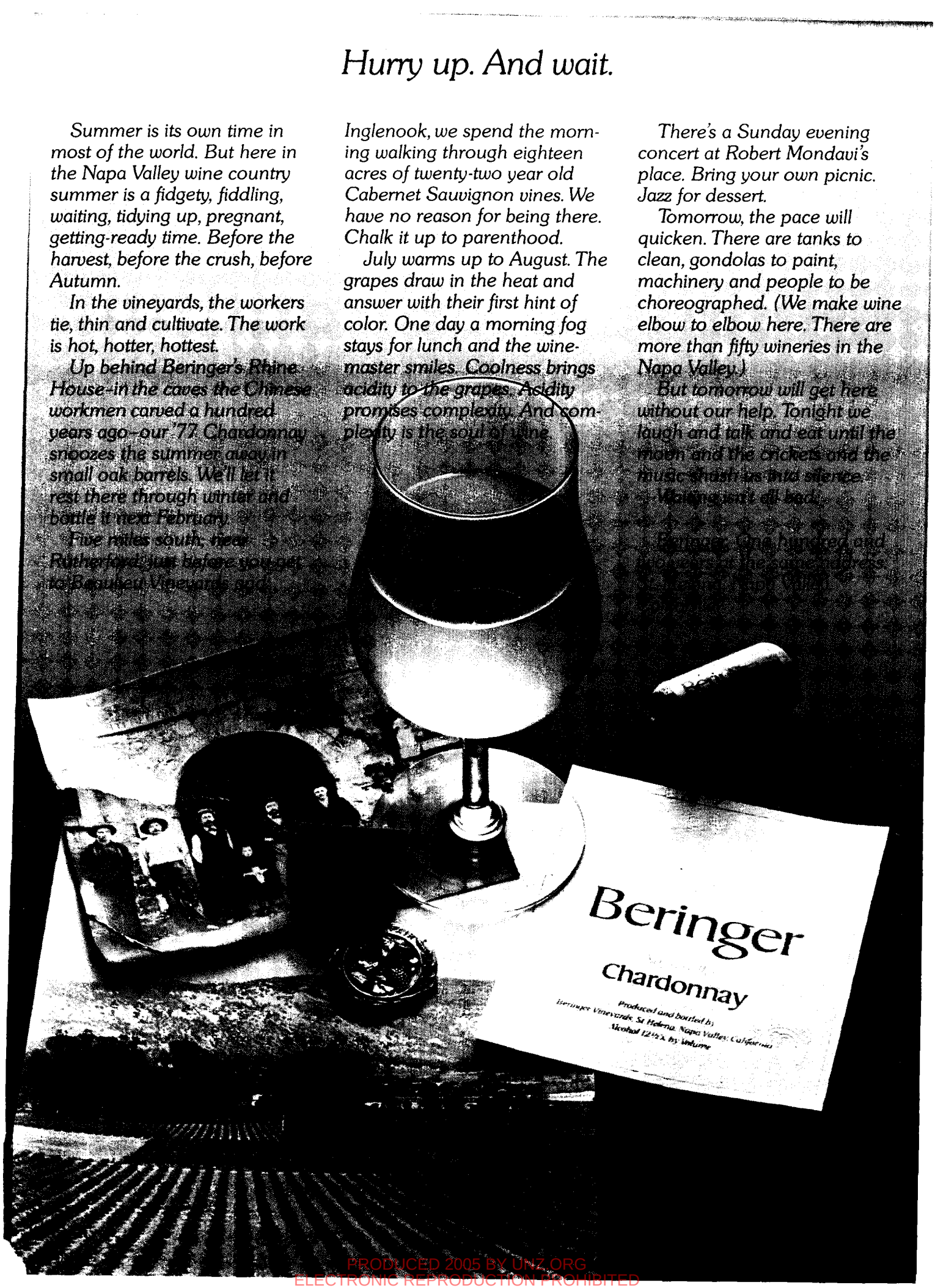
July warms up to August. The grapes draw in the heat and answer with their first hint of color. One day a morning fog stays for lunch and the wine-master smiles. Coolness brings acidity to the grapes. Acidity promises complexity. And complexity is the soul of wine.

There's a Sunday evening concert at Robert Mondavi's place. Bring your own picnic. Jazz for dessert.

Tomorrow, the pace will quicken. There are tanks to clean, gondolas to paint, machinery and people to be choreographed. (We make wine elbow to elbow here. There are more than fifty wineries in the Napa Valley.)

But tomorrow will get here without our help. Tonight we laugh and talk and eat until the moon and the crickets and the music shush us into silence. Waiting isn't all bad.

Beringer. One hundred and [illegible] years of the same address.



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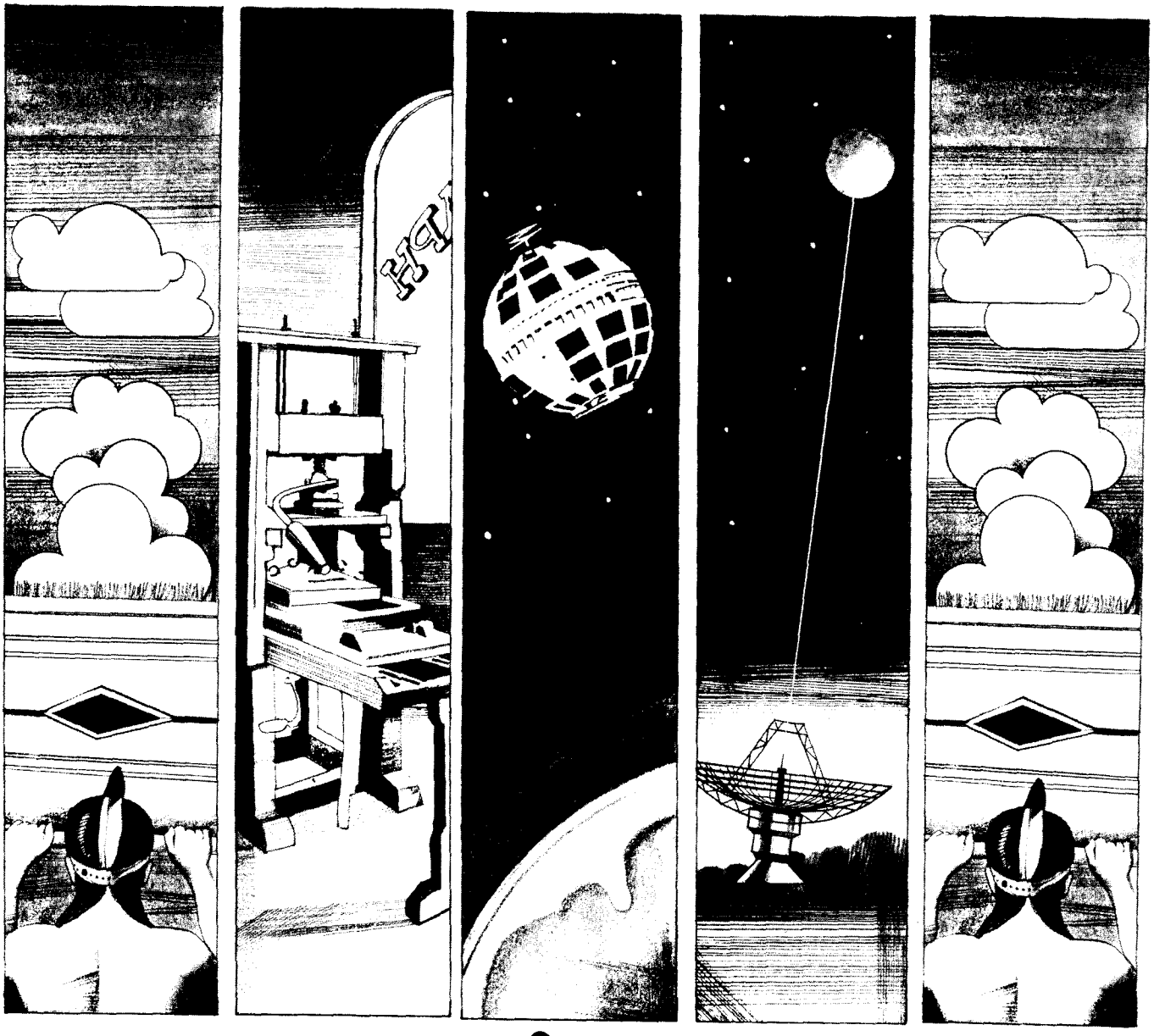

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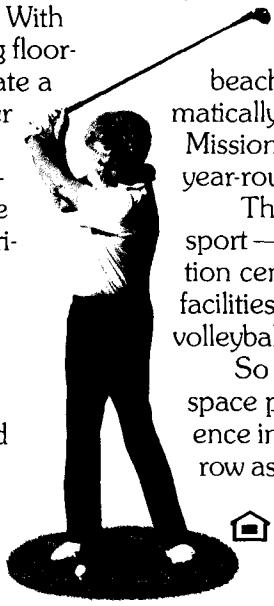

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THEATER

Two Shots in the Arm for the London Stage

by Martin Gottfried

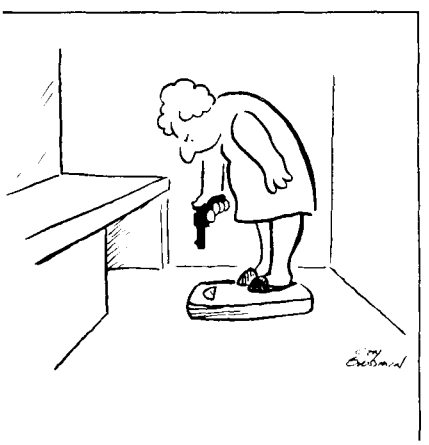
LIKE BROADWAY, the West End this summer was for a time enjoying lots of theatergoers and little theater. The machine was simply idling. Many of the major acting names who have traditionally given the London stage its image were appearing—but none of their plays were more than vehicles. Only Albert Finney in *The Cherry Orchard* at the National Theater was in a play worthy of his gifts.

In fact, there was no excitement on the London stage—no special new play or musical to give it a lift. And even on a theater scene with a healthy balance between new works and new productions of classics, a steady input of fresh excitement is needed to lend a sense of ongoing vitality. This honored stage was resting on its laurels.

Until two new productions, Brian Clark's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* and the musical, *Evita*, woke the West End from its profit-making lethargy.

Clark's play is not an important one, but it is absorbing and stimulating and intelligent. It is about a young man, a sculptor, who has been paralyzed from the neck down as the result of an automobile accident. On a hospital bed at center stage for the duration of the play, he pleads for death in a comic, charming, but for all that, profoundly serious way. He has no intention of accepting his handicap and becoming an expert tongue-typist.

This would seem not necessarily morbid or depressing but certainly undramatic. Yet as Clark has written the piece, things prove otherwise. The play's first part moves quickly though there is little action. This paralytic is not a figure new to us. Still we are taken with this victim of life's accident as he lies in bed and mocks the problems, pity, and guilt feelings of various nurses, doctors, and psychiatrists.



The play falters after intermission because its author no longer rests on exploiting his charming character and feels compelled to develop plot and to contrive event. The patient engages a lawyer to sue the hospital for illegal imprisonment, hoping to be freed to die—a neat enough irony. The hospital engages its own lawyer, and a judge presides in the sickroom court for the hearing. All of this manufactured action seems just that. Ultimately, though, *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* recovers enough to be generally satisfying.

Although Michael Lindsay-Hogg has directed the production only satisfactorily, the central role is tremendously well played by Tom Conti, who gives a bravura performance. It is a pity he won't be seen in it on Broadway. Dustin Hoffman has bought the play and will do it (surely well) either on the stage or on film.

Evita, the other splash on London's summer stage, is also destined for America and it will prove the more significant event, just as it did here. Its likes have never been seen before; while it uses techniques developed in such Broadway shows as *Cabaret* and *Follies*, it rises to still higher theatrical purpose. The Broadway musical has always had an element of sheer diversion, of the decorative, even in productions with such sober intentions as *West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof*. *Evita*, contrarily, is unrelenting in its artistic seriousness.

Evita, based of course on the life of Eva Perón, was written by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, both English, but as presented on the London stage it is the brainchild of Broadway's Harold Prince. In directing the production, he has proved himself not just once more but more than ever the most original and gifted figure in the modern musical theater.

Like their previous *Jesus Christ Superstar*, Rice and Webber's *Evita* was initially written for a record album and termed a "rock opera." It is hardly biographical in the usual sense. It is a creature utterly of the stage. Rice's lyrics—his "libretto"—merely provided an excuse for Prince's elevation of the entire project to a new dimension. Webber's music, quasi-opera, set to relentless rock-and-roll rhythms, has been rescued by the formidable Hershy Kay. It has not only been relieved of the monotonous drum beating but has been fleshed out and deepened to become a new kind of theater music, with crashing dissonances underlining light melodies.

Still, the power and virility of *Evita* lie in its staging. Prince has always been the most visual of musical theater directors but he has never before made such astonishing pictures. There is a large movie screen used for film clips of the real Eva Perón but it is used in a theatrical way and never competes with the live figures.

The *Evita* plot, such as it is, begins with Eva, an ambitious young cabaret singer, using her sexual appeal to seduce a string of military officers. Meeting Juan Perón backstage at a huge benefit rally, Eva seduces him with what can only be called forthright deviousness. When he is elected president of Argentina, it is she who becomes the goddess, but the very power she has created seems to drain her own life.

To be sure, Prince has been influenced by the stage technique of Brecht. *Evita* is a series of episodes, most of them presented in a stylized, cartoon, puppet-like way. Its dances by Larry Fuller are not diversions but integrated elements—spectacle set to movement, stark and expressionistic. Prince has made this all seem peculiarly Latin American. There are only two characters in support of Eva: the wooden, impotent Perón and, of all people, Che Guevara. Rather than being made a figure of strictly political significance, Che is cannily conceived as a chorus-narrator whose skepticism counters the gaudy fascism.

The intellectual content of all this takes second place to theatricality, and wisely so, but perhaps inevitably the final act is a letdown. The first act was almost impossible to top. The intermission may have given too much of a break. Certainly, the second act could use new material, for it is repetitious in all respects—music, event, staging. Yet, there is no question of the entire production's strength and uniqueness. Whether *Evita* is British or American doesn't matter. It has made musical theater international. ◉

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Avedon—Laborer in Fashion's Garden

by Owen Edwards

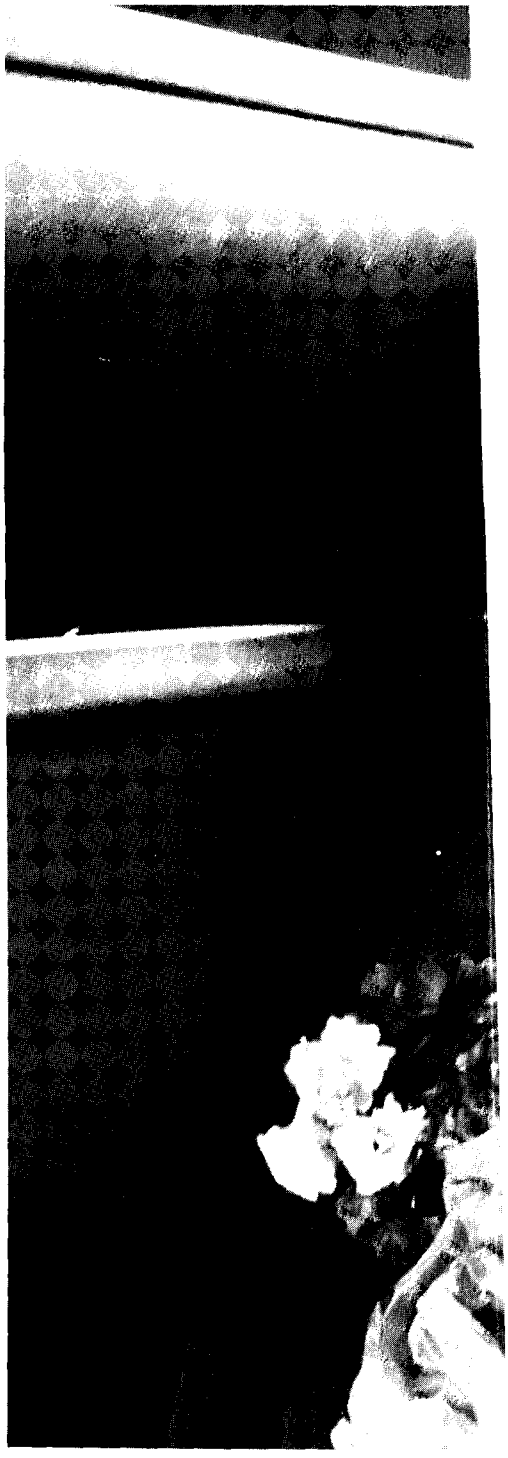
Jean Shrimpton (1965)—"Witty, innovative, technically fine photography."

AH, WHAT a relief. With his vibrant, swirling, brilliant exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Richard Avedon has at last, surely, routed for good the tedious vestiges of defense against the idea that fashion photography deserves a place in the pantheon of camera art. The show, compiled mostly from Avedon's 30 years of hallmarked work in magazines, is a triumph, a symphony dedicated to the long liaison between his wondering eye and women.

On the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*, these sumptuous pictures were meant to lure, to dazzle the eye, to create immediate and pleasurable response, and they have lost none of their power to do so. But seen on the walls of a temple of art, on a grander, highly dramatic scale, they take on an unexpectedly splendid, epic quality. And, more importantly, these pictures become, with few exceptions, divorced from the modishness that was their original reason for being, and give us an extraordinary view of the artistry Avedon invested in them. There is an elegance here that abides beneath the whim of style, against fearful odds.

In a general, photographic sense, the show is the most resounding statement to date of the high vitality of purely commercial photography. Several earlier exhibitions have prepared the way. The pictures of such talented laborers in fashion's garden as Horst, Hoyningen-Huene, DeMeyer, Irwin Blumenfeld, Munkacsi, Deborah Turbeville, plus major fashion group retrospectives at Hofstra and the Brooklyn Museum, have made the point emphatically that money need not breed banality, and that the struggle to evade the clichés of such an overworked field has produced a wonderful array of witty, innovative, technically fine photography.

With each of these shows has come a growing awareness that photography has long been stifled by the prejudice against pictures motivated by something other than the salvation of mankind. This regressive bias can be traced to sources as various as Stieglitz's rejection of the Pictorialist painterly fabrications and the subsequent misreading of clarity as reality in Paul Strand's compositions, and to the Field Service Administration's inspired documentary coverage of the Depression (as well as some inspired propaganda indicating that the pictures were themselves something other than high-grade government propaganda). For these and other reasons, photography became the only form of artistic expression to be chained to the shibboleth truth—by which the commissars of the medium most emphatically did not mean beauty, at least not in the well-draped form of a fashion mannequin. Painting, music, drama, fiction, movies—all could revel in whatever inventions their creators desired, while photographers diligently, dutifully stuck to the "honest" surfaces of weather-worn faces, barns, and mesas. During the most creative years of Max Ernst, Picasso, Buñuel, Stravinsky, the Marx Brothers, Rivera, O'Neill, Disney, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner, only three groups of photographers managed to do similarly original work: montage makers like



Hannah Höch, John Heartfield, and Moholy-Nagy; surrealist experimenters like Man Ray and Brugière; and the fashion photographers. Though a vastly wider understanding of what constitutes significant photography now prevails, commercially subsidized visionaries like Guy Bourdin, Irving Penn, Hiro, and Helmut Newton are still arguably the most consistently creative photographers around. And, of course, Avedon.

After three resounding shows of his

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Dorian Leigh (1949)— Bazaar's editor refused to publish this because "When you're wearing a Dior hat, you don't cry."

portrait work, Avedon has now come full circle, back to the wellspring that formed and continues to nurture him. An exhibition of such magnitude, in a place with such weighty reverberance as the Met, is for him an expression of extreme confidence (since Avedon takes nothing casually) in both the status of fashion photography and the indubitable mastery of his own work in the field.

For all the wonders of his precursors and contemporaries at *Bazaar* and *Vogue*, there is finally no one who does it all quite like Avedon. He has no peer in his style, his composition, his graphic instinct, his conveyance of energy, vibrancy, fun, Proustian gossip. With apparent ease he seems to sweep the camera out from between us and whatever *mise-en-scène* he wants to include us in. He has an uncanny directorial genius for bringing women out of their skins, up beyond the fabric of the diverting clothes they wear, and into a realm of drama and emotion rarely seen in the best street photography.

Is it false emotion, and therefore invalid? Don't bet on it. Standing in front of a picture of Dorian Leigh in a Dior hat, sitting in the back seat of a French taxicab, with a provocative tear bright on one cheek, one feels overwhelmingly the mood of a moment and an age, and one doesn't care what's "true" and what isn't. Avedon, thank God, has prevailed. For once, let me leave off; the pictures say it inimitably better. ◉

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Good Old-Fashioned Titan

American Caesar:
Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964
by William Manchester
Little, Brown, 816 pp., $15

Reviewed by Orville Schell

IN A DECADE fixated on personalities rather than politics, it is odd that there are so few men worthy of our highest adoration, or even our contempt. While our thirst for idols is as strong, perhaps stronger, than ever, our cynicism and facility for distrust is so well developed that fledgling heroes seem hardly to hit their stride before they are defrocked.

We are quick to imbue likely leaders with our hopes and fantasies, but just as quick to reverse the process and heap on them our disappointments and disillusionment. Heroes and leaders of the 1970s have the life expectancy of shooting stars. For idols we must retreat into nostalgia.

Perhaps this abrasive skepticism is only the logical outcome of a Cold War, a Vietnam, and a Watergate. Like laboratory animals we received shocks every time we surrendered to trust, and we withdrew, slowly coming to accept deception and aberrant leaders as the rule rather than the exception. This is not the stuff from which heroes are fashioned.

And thus, reading William Manchester's new research colossus, *American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964* is almost like coming upon an old Hollywood screen magazine. Here was a man who stood tall for friends and foe alike. A good old-fashioned titan, this complicated and intriguing man was shrouded in legend and drama. Whether he was executing one of his stunning successes or his great failures, he always seemed to follow some inner voice rather than the dictates of others. This singularity was his strength. It was also his undoing.

On April 17, 1951, having been stripped of all his commands and humiliated by Harry Truman for his insubordination in Korea, MacArthur strode to the podium to address a joint session of Congress.

I vividly recall sitting in the gymnasium of my grade school with my half-eaten lunch of ham, boiled potatoes, and brussels sprouts when the voice of General Douglas MacArthur, ex-Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (the "SCAP"), came over the school's public address system.

"...I address you with neither rancor nor bitterness in the fading twilight of life, but with one purpose in mind: to serve my country," he told Congress and the world.

The audience interrupted the 71-year-old general with cheering and applause 30 times during his 34-minute speech. After a short discourse on Asian history, he launched into an emotional defense of his own policies, which called for the bombing of Chinese sanctuaries across the Yalu River, blockading the Chinese coastline, and unleashing Chiang Kai-shek to fight in Korea. (At one point MacArthur had even advocated sowing the banks of the Yalu with radioactive cobalt to seal Korea off from China.)

"For entertaining these views," he continued, "all professionally designed to support our forces... and bring hostilities to an end... at a saving of countless American and Allied lives, I have been severely criticized....History teaches with unmistakable emphasis that appeasement but begets new and bloodier war....Why, my soldiers ask me, surrender military advantage to an enemy in the field? I could not answer."

MacArthur had not finished, but the audience rose to give him an ovation.

"Once war is forced upon us," he continued, "there is no alternative than to apply every available means to bring it to a swift end. War's very objective is victory—not prolonged indecision....In war, indeed, there can be no substitute for victory.

"I am closing my 50 years of military service," he told Congress in words that I, an 11-year-old then, still remember. "When I joined the army, even before the turn of the century, it was the fulfillment of all my boyish hopes and dreams. The world has turned over many times since I took the oath on the Plain at West Point, and the hopes and dreams have long since vanished. But I still remember the refrain of one of the most popular barracks ballads of that day, which proclaimed most proudly that 'Old soldiers never die. They just fade away.' And like the old soldier of the ballad, I now close my military career and just fade away—an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty." And then, lowering his voice so that it was barely audible, he said, "Goodbye."

There was hardly a dry eye in Congress. Douglas MacArthur was a theatrical man. He knew how to use his props: his faded suntan, his famous stained gold-braided commander's hat, his corncob pipe.

He was also a great orator.

Truman called MacArthur's farewell address "Nothing but a damn bunch of bullshit... 100 percent bullshit."

Nonetheless, as MacArthur left Washington, 500,000 people cheered him in the streets. And when he arrived in New York that evening, Manchester reports, it took his limousine seven hours to inch along the 19.2-mile motorcade, so thick were the crowds.

MacArthur had spent 50 years in military service. He was born in an Army camp; his father fought with the Union Army and won a congressional medal. Young MacArthur's odyssey took him from the frontier in Indian territory (where his father had fought Geronimo, the Apache chieftain) in the 1880s to Korea in the 1950s. In between lay service as chief-of-staff with the Rainbow Division in the trenches of France during WW I (where he was decorated nine times for heroism), the superintendency of West Point, a stint with the CCC in the Thirties, his renowned defense and withdrawal from Bataan and Corregidor ("I shall return"), as commander in the reconquest of the Philippines, the occupation of Japan, and then Korea.

Before his tour of duty was over, he had won every medal known to the military, including his five stars. He

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JOAN HALL

had married (and divorced) a flapper, had kept a mistress (who ultimately had to be bought off), married again (in the Philippines to Jean Faircloth), and sired a single son, to whom he proved a devoted father.

MacArthur was an intelligent, perhaps even brilliant man. But he found Truman and Acheson's notion of a "limited war" both unfathomable and preposterous. And he never missed a chance to take a swipe at them.

He occasionally waxed rhapsodic about a world without war, as when he insisted on the "no war clause" in the new Japanese constitution (nicknamed the "MacArthur constitution"): "For years I have believed that war should be abolished as an outmoded means of solving disputes....My abhorrence reached its height with the perfection of the atom bomb." But still MacArthur was a military man who could conceive of little else than an all-out effort once an enemy was engaged. This totalism suggested an earlier era. For MacArthur had traversed seven decades of the most rapid technological change man has known. He had started serving in the military when man's capacity to destroy was still circumscribed by frustrating limitations. In the first half of this century, the notion of "limited warfare" was in fact a contradiction in terms. But since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, military commanders have had weapons with almost unlimited means of destruction at their disposal. "Limited war" suddenly acquired an irrefutable, although admittedly absurdist, logic; adversaries had to impose self-restraint against the very people they were attempting to destroy. To MacArthur, the notion of putting men in the field to fight and die without doing everything possible to protect them and attain victory was beyond the pale of reason. And he bridled and chafed against Washington's refusal to allow him to "broaden" the war and attack Chinese facilities across the Yalu. Almost as an involuntary reaction, he began commenting and lobbying on Korean policy. Not only was he taking a beating at the hands of the Chinese in Korea, but, at home, his transgressions into matters of high policy and foreign affairs began to arouse criticism.

Where MacArthur could not interpret ambiguities in policies handed down from Washington (and they were many) to serve his own purposes, he would aggressively assert his own alternatives. He would hold press conferences, give interviews, and write pointed letters to public figures who would release them. He was involved in a constant and artful attempt to end-run around the civilian government and his own commander-in-chief, the President. MacArthur was a notoriously independent personality, never well-disposed to execute someone else's orders, particularly if he disagreed with them. He repeatedly crossed the boundary that divides a soldier from a politician, a general from a president or secretary of state. It was an intrusion no civilian leader could tolerate, particularly during a time of war, even if, as Manchester points out, the general's penchant for acting like a sovereign was nothing new.

MacArthur had spent part of his youth after the Spanish-American War in the Philippines where his father, the military governor, was almost a feudal lord. Young Douglas was later to return to Manila as a Philippine field marshal. As U.S. Far East Commander during WW II he fought brilliantly. But one felt that he was fighting "his" war as much as that of his country. (He got away with openly defying the Joint Chiefs and retook the central and southern Philippines, his beloved islands.) As the SCAP during the occupation of Japan, he ruled benevolently, with incomparable finesse and intelligence. But again, it was almost as if the occupation of Japan were "his" rather than his country's. MacArthur spent 14 consecutive years in the Far East, and every year it seemed as if the gravitational pull of Washington grew weaker and weaker, until the government appeared to be nothing more than a distant annoyance. MacArthur treated Washington as if it were a glorified supply depot from which he might requisition men and materiel.

MacArthur's aggressive rhetoric alarmed people like Acheson because no one was quite sure how the Chinese and Russians would react to it. Many were fearful of another world war, this time with a nuclear showdown. So Truman, who also felt humiliated by MacArthur's usurpation of his prerogatives, fired this American proconsul to the Far East in what was at once one of the most unpopular and courageous moves a recent president has had to make on the domestic front.

The personality and charisma of MacArthur are so successfully recreated in Manchester's biography that it is easy to forget that the book, unlike the man, had an author. This is to Manchester's credit. In searching for criticism of his very balanced account, it might be noted that Manchester sometimes seems to bog down in the sheer volume of facts, quotes, and details of his own research. But it should also be noted that Manchester has written a thorough and spellbinding book. It is a dramatic chronicle of one of America's last epic heroes. ◉

Orville Schell has written several books on the Far East. His latest book, Brown, *a biography of the California governor, has just been published by Random House.*

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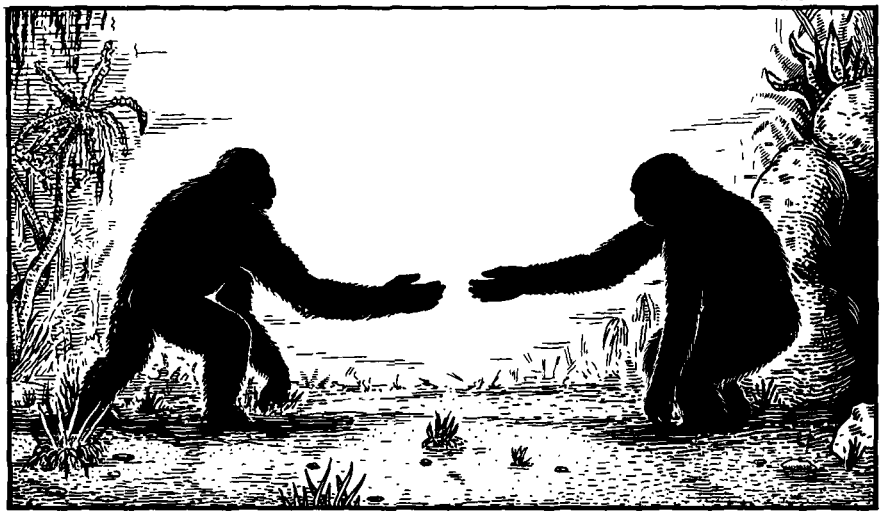
Our Place in the Sun

On Human Nature
by Edward O. Wilson
Harvard University Press
260 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Terrence Des Pres

WALTER GURBO



WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR the origin of human society? A thunderbolt, in Vico's view; or as Boulanger thought, a great flood. Rousseau envisioned a drawing-room setting in which savages, observing due process, gathered to produce a contract. But Rousseau's ceremony presupposed its outcome, and resort to deluge and storm suggests the extremes to which imagination goes when evidence is lacking. "In the beginning" is an infinitely tempting phrase, and until very recently the time and manner of this mythical starting point were anybody's guess. But with the publication, in 1975, of Edward O. Wilson's *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*, speculation gave way to controversy within the framework of an answer no longer in doubt. There never was a clear beginning. Human social order emerged from prehuman forms of society, mammalian in general, primate in particular, that evolved for hundreds of thousands of years before man.

The consequences of this discovery are radical. If human society grew from animal prototypes, then men share similarities with at least some of the higher mammals; and although man has existed long enough (over a million years) to turn his endowment to uniquely human ends, the facts remain that our deepest nature is genetically determined, that we may use culture to transcend much but never all of our biological foundation, and that finally—as anyone who contemplates death or the violence of totalitarian regimes might see—there is a broad but finite range of potential that defines our humanness and circumscribes our dreams.

As a science, sociobiology is in its infancy, but the disciplines it draws upon—principally ethology (the study of social behavior in animals), ecology (the study of populations in relation to their environments), and genetics (the study of inherited traits)—have produced a rapidly expanding body of information, the momentum of which is already sufficient to identify this "new naturalism," as Wilson calls it, as a dramatic challenge to prevailing theories of man as a social creature. The problem for most of us is that a work of science like Wilson's *Sociobiology* maintains a level of language and method remote to the interested layman.

And thus the importance of *On Human Nature*. Although it lacks the lofty rigor of the treatise that preceded it, Wilson's new book is a good deal more accessible, indeed exactly what was needed by readers who would appreciate a clear exposition of Wilson's key ideas, supported by thoughtful examples, without dependence on technical terms or mathematical models.

Perhaps necessarily *On Human Nature* upsets, or at least challenges, many accepted notions. Aggression, for example, is neither a tragic flaw nor an overwhelming instinct; much aggressive behavior is learned, warlike societies can become peace-loving and vice versa, and "when a count is made of the number of murders committed per thousand individuals per year, human beings are well down on the list of violently aggressive creatures." Seeing altruism as the confluence of sacrifice and self-interest, Wilson describes sainthood as "cheerfully subordinate to the biological imperatives above which it is supposed to rise." And sex, it turns out, counts less for reproduction than for the human bonding it inspires, which "argues for a more liberal sexual morality." Only on religion is Wilson weak; he says little not earlier noted by sociologists like Durkheim and Weber.

In his central argument, Wilson stays directly on target. The human mind is a machine that selects, from its reservoir of possible reactions, the best response to conditions it meets in the world. It is, as Wilson says, "an alert scanner of the environment that approaches certain kinds of choices and not others in the first place, then innately leans toward one option as opposed to others." In a given case, the options at our disposal are those we have inherited through thousands of generations of natural selection, and Wilson consistently uses terms like "predisposition," "prepared learning," and "behavioral repertoire" to describe the flexibility, which is to say the moral character, of our innate resources.

Wilson knows that the sort of reductionism his critics foist upon him, claiming that he sees human action as "insect-like, confined to a single channel," is simply not true. Nor are creativity and freedom lost: "Rather than specify a single trait, human genes prescribe the *capacity* to develop a certain array of traits." Within such fixed but rich parameters, human culture builds, magnifies, curtails, and transforms, until existing patterns of behavior are so thoroughly a mix of biology *and* culture that "we need new descriptive techniques to replace the archaic distinction between nature and nurture."

The list of properties native to the human species, found in every known culture, is very long. It includes not only fundamentals like law, language, toolmaking, and funeral rites, but also dancing and adornment, joking and dream interpretation, gift giving and table manners. Wilson sees no evidence for racial divergence, and he comes out strongly in favor of equality. As a statement about mankind, Wilson's book celebrates "a single human nature." Perhaps most compelling is the idea of our ingrained humanity, a sort of "biological refractoriness" which insures that perversions like slavery cannot last in the long run, and guarantees us a firm if less than godly ground, a basic sanity inspired by life itself. ◉

Terrence Des Pres is the author of The Survivor: Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps. *He lives in Hamilton, N.Y.*

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Sixties Survivors

Downriver
by Peter Collier
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
336 pp., $9.95

Happy All the Time
by Laurie Colwin
Knopf, 224 pp., $7.95

Like Father
by David Black
Dembner/Dodd, Mead
256 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Ross Feld

YOU'RE IN YOUR thirties now, like the authors of these three novels, and subject to fits of puzzlement. The Seventies seem to you like a waiting room that gets very quiet the minute you walk in. And as for the raucous Sixties, full of zest, hype, fear, and chance—what stuff were they really made of that they so submissively channeled down into the Wharton School of Business, *est*, the mellow sound, and *Star Wars*? How easily the times shift from *anything goes* to *everything gives*.

(It may be of passing interest that of the three books discussed here, the two by men grope around in best Sixties-survivor style, while that by a woman—a more experienced novelist, granted—sails ahead with the greatest pluck.)

Peter Collier's *Downriver*, a first novel, goes wrong in extremely right-headed and sympathetic ways. Collier's hero, Cabell Hart, is a disgruntled refugee from a Symbionese-style Berkeley cadre (for whose revolutionary sake he even had himself vasectomized, made "a capon for the Left"). Now he's living quietly in Oakland, working in a hardware store and wondering what all the fuss was about. When word comes that his father is dying of melanoma, Cabell realizes that if he can't be a father, he ought to at least seize one last opportunity to be a son; he hurries down to Los Angeles, all solicitude and pain. He and his father take a last trip together to the original Hart homestead in South Dakota, borrowing on the past to cushion the immediate future's foreclosure. Within a month his father dies, and Cabell journeys to northern California to inform his estranged hippie sister, who is living in the backwoods with her young son. But she, Cabell finds, is dead too, raped and murdered by local no-goods (including the police chief) who've covered up their foulness with ease. The rest of the book details Cabell's search for the killers, the violence he suffers at their hands when he does find them, and his eventual and gory revenge.

Families, Indians, the Panthers, the Left, ecological survival, abiding values—Collier is determined to touch every generational base. To get at them, he shifts into three gears. Intimate: the father's death, the son's guilt and grief, touching and graphic. Abstract: "He is flooded with sadness by this blocked latency, this tragedy of love chewed up in the contradictory motion of large imperatives." Primal: a whole (and altogether embarrassing) last section where Cabell, dumped injured into a ravine, turns into hallucinatory protoplasm: kill, eat, snort, grunt.

But octopus-style or no, Collier's attempt to squeeze recent history for its meager juice feels authentic. There are no caricatures: He cares too much. Every which way, *Downriver* searches for the message, the lesson it's sure *has* to be there, somewhere.

Laurie Colwin's approach in *Happy All the Time* is to elbow right past the agonizing: Everything that Collier stirs up, she bottles and stores offstage. Her characters do not suffer their thirties; they *use* them, like people who've received a new, vaguely untrustworthy, but intriguing gift. Guido Morris and Vincent Cardworthy are third cousins and best friends. First as graduate students in Cambridge, Mass., then as professionals in New York (Guido manages the family's arts philanthropies, Vincent is a city planner specializing in garbage utilization), they go looking for future wives in the refreshingly blithe belief that "one is always foolish until one is correct"—the carefully polished attitude we used to get from the high-spirited, tuxedoed boy/men of Forties movies.

Guido (Cary Grant) falls for Holly Sturgis (Constance Bennett)—"neat as a cupcake" and the ideal mate for a man who takes it wholly for granted that "desire was mere shorthand for aesthetics and intuition." Holly is nigh perfect—"no grand schemes, no secret visions... no ambitions to speak of, except to live nicely from day to day," an impeccable cook, hostess, and, in time, mother. She keeps her own counsel with such mysterious grace that Guido, gaga, would be as happy to sleep with her clothes as with her body.

Vincent (Jimmy Stewart) nets someone slightly more problematical: Misty Berkowitz (Katherine Hepburn, only Jewish)—very smart, a linguist by training, protected by a brass-tack wit,

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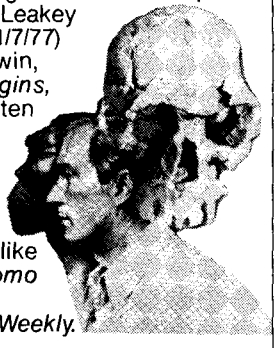

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Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin

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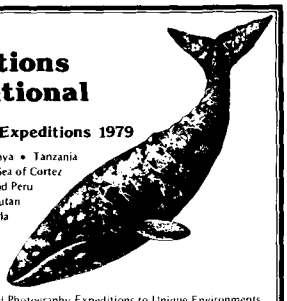

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and "not unlike one of those seashells that looks elaborate, but is only the housing for a very soft animal." Misty's apprehensions cause in Vincent lovable attacks of confusion. Both couples marry. Holly and Guido have a baby; Misty worries that Vincent will come to his senses and fall in love with someone more his type, say a Connecticut dog breeder; Holly frets over being a good mother, but neurosis is kept well at bay, substituted for by good old plain nervousness.

It's bright, it's funny, and it's very very willful; Colwin is out to invent not only a Seventies comedy of manners but the manners themselves. What makes the book special fun are the tartly endearing reversals: The girls are close-to-the-vest and tentative, while the slightly boobish boys roll with the punches, secure in their eagerness to love, attend, and do their full duty. Colwin writes effervescently—if the book has a flaw, it's that there is a sludgy build-up of adorableness. But a thirtyish book it remains. The personal, dependent on quick wits, good will, and high hopes, is still the lifeboat. Colwin has simply decided to throw a party. Let the other guys row.

David Black rows. His novel is less lustrous than Colwin's, better focused than Collier's, but he shares their concentration on the personal. More daringly than the other two novels, *Like Father* lets the chips fall as they may. Like Collier's Cabell Hart, Black's protagonist, Dennis, is on temporary thirties retreat, living childless with wife Maxie in rural New Hampshire, holding to a gray, sad, wire-rimmed-eyeglasses low profile. It's all disturbed, though, when his father, Moses, arrives without warning. Fifty-eight years old, an English teacher for 28 years in Springfield, Massachusetts, Moses has just read a biography of Tolstoy and decided to run away from home. Dennis and Maxie's is his first stop—where he will make a deliberate jackass of himself by clumsily coming on sexually to Maxie, which in turn will oblige Dennis to ragefully drive him out. This action and reaction has some of the creepy plannedness of a ritual. "We're not going to be able to know each other," Moses tells Dennis, "until you realize in what way we're equal." How tit-for-tat, he means, the disappointment between fathers and sons is. Having forced Dennis to deny him in anger, Moses continues on to New York, where he faces his own father, Aaron, a feckless adventurer who had placed Moses and a brother in an orphanage, only now and then to reappear.

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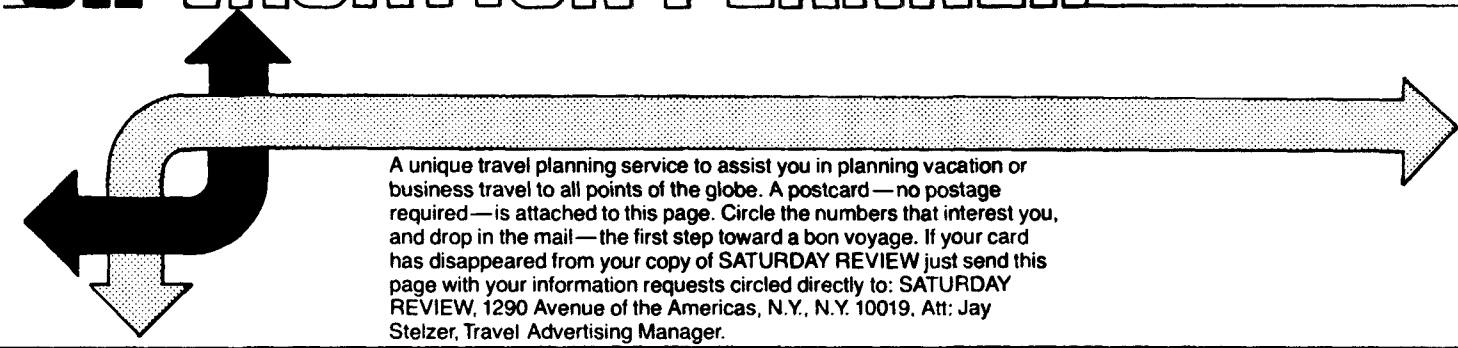

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Moses is—and he knows it himself—a moderately interesting man: a jazz trumpeter in his youth, an idealistic socialist, a union organizer among the teachers when such activity was risky in the Fifties. Moderately interesting men make difficult fathers and husbands. Ethel, David's mother, has adopted a stillness, a "fabric of pauses" that has gratefully edged into seediness; passed over by her husband's longing, she gardens a few small memories, strengths, and eccentricities. After visiting her a day or two after Moses's dropping-out (in a family, you're never sure exactly who to apologize to), Dennis resolves to bring his father back. He goes to New York, finds Moses staying in a hotel room with Clara, a woman he's been having a long-running, dolorous affair with over twenty years time. There's a final, stagy pay-up session in the hotel bar between Moses, Dennis, Aaron, and Clara.

Black has a penchant for overly exotic complication, especially in flashbacks. The book's triangular shape—father to father to father—jabs unsubtly. Maxie and Clara are stand-in deflectors, not real characters. Black lapses now and then into chalky psychological analyses that are close to claustrophobic. Without real flow, the book is quilty, discomforting, pawky.

But it's also true. Books that stick their necks out so far often are. In his first novel, Black has gone a long way in developing a prose that is emotionally exact and scary as an edict. His Sixties-survivor's instinct for the big question and large issue—family patterns, in this case—is faced without illusion: "...Somehow breaking a barrier became confused with shattering a person." It's hard to finish *Like Father* without thinking that some knowledge of how to live has been loosened, made readier and more available. You feel relief, and a certain tentative hope. ◉

Books in Brief

The Young Hamilton: A Biography

by James Thomas Flexner
Little, Brown, 512 pp., $15

My blood," declared Alexander Hamilton, "is as good as that of those who plume themselves upon their ancestry." But the grandson of the laird of Cambuskeith had no birth certificate to legitimize it and no inherited wealth with which to flaunt it. He determined to earn on the battlefield the acceptance that snobbery had denied him in the drawing room. But the hurt cut too deeply to be forgotten. It produced, says James Thomas Flexner, a permanently divided personality: on the one hand he was an inspired, disciplined achiever: on the other, a "semimadman who sought from the world an ever-denied release from inner wounds."

Yet he drew to himself devoted henchmen and adoring women. His slight, boyish figure, his sharp, ascetic features, his imperious air of self-confidence cast their spell even today. He is the genius in search of justification, the romantic ready to risk all for glory. Flexner superbly senses this.

The Young Hamilton covers his first 26 years, and the question inevitably arises of whether there were foreshadowings of greatness. Flexner finds rawness and growth. Hamilton's first political pamphlet, *A Full Vindication of the Measures of Congress*, was "immature, helter-skelter, and hodgepodge." His second venture, a series of newspaper articles signed "The Continentalist," in 1781 and 1782, was "clear, graceful, and energetic." His first ideas for a national bank, early in 1780, were "chaotic and extremely impractical" and were wisely never put in the mail. His next proposal, advocating a quasi-public bank and supporting a national debt as a "national blessing," drew praise from Superintendent of Finance Robert Morris and clearly pointed to the future Bank of the United States.

But concurrent with these nation-building concepts was Hamilton's ever-present destructive drive, expressed in his scorn for democracy and his insistence on a standing army. Flexner somewhat harshly concludes that Hamilton "completely misunderstood the environment in which he found himself," and that in promoting regional antagonisms he "exacerbated the conflicts and the suspicions that were, as the generations moved, to eventuate in the Civil War."

And what of the private Hamilton? The respectability he so much craved came not, after all, on the battlefield, but from his marriage to Elizabeth Schuyler, daughter of one of New York's wealthiest land barons and businessmen. It was not a tranquil union. Before long Hamilton became infatuated with her sister, Angelica, and there is reason to believe they were lovers. In later years he publicly confessed to a liaison with Maria Reynolds. And Flexner does not exclude the possibility of homosexuality in Hamilton's intense friendship with Colonel John Laurens, of South Carolina. Hamilton's life ended in tragedy—his son Philip was killed in a duel, a fate that soon befell the father. Burr's bullet made Hamilton forever glamorous. Flexner's sensitive biography, perhaps the best of his works, makes this "most psychologically troubled of the Founding Fathers" forever young. —MAX M. MINTZ

Liberty and Union

by David Herbert Donald
Little, Brown, 272 pp., $12.50

Recent historians, under the influence of the civil rights movement, have tended to look upon the ending of military Reconstruction in the south in 1877 and the return of the white establishment to power as a surrender to racism. Pulitzer Prize winning historian David Herbert Donald, "an unabashed American nationalist," prefers to see these events as a reconciliation of national and local interests.

In *Liberty and Union*, surveying the period from 1845 to 1890, Donald shows how the failure to balance those interests resulted in the Civil War. He skillfully traces the crises over the extension of slavery to the territories, including the admission of Texas to the Union, the Compromise of 1850, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Dred Scott decision, and the election of Lincoln. These confrontations eroded reverence for the Constitution, loyalty to middle-of-the-road political parties, and confidence in national leadership. The war itself brought emancipation of the slaves, but not southern acceptance of it. That came only when the north, recognizing its own racism, agreed to leave the south free to disenfranchise and subjugate its black population. The south, in turn, agreed to tolerate a national regime dominated by corrupt political machines and newly rich business moguls.

But the peace that Donald finds was illusory. It could last only as long as the blacks, small farmers, and wage earners acquiesced. Those interests awoke after 1948. The national mood has not been the same since. —M. M. M.

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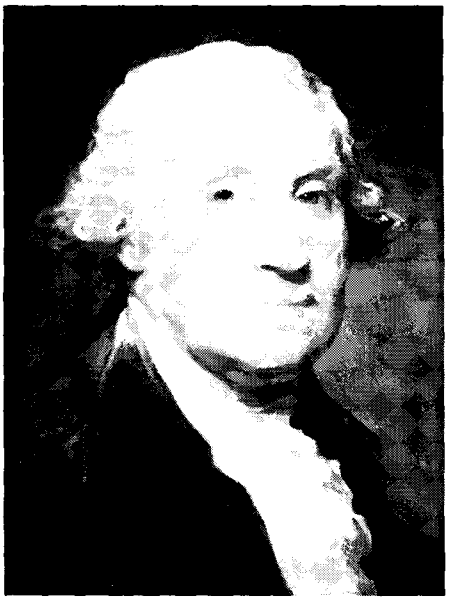

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by Doris Grumbach

The only thing all the essays have in common—what makes them a family—is that they are all concerned with country-ish things.

Noel Perrin, *First Person Rural*

NOEL PERRIN is the Dartmouth College professor and wit turned gentleman farmer who "edited" *The Adventures of Jonathan Corncob* a few years ago. His new book is called *First Person Rural, Essays of a Sometime Farmer* (Godine, $7.95). Perrin's lovely, wry humor begins to show in his title, and advances from there to his descriptions of the life he and his wife, Anne-Marie, have led since they left New York 15 years ago to live on a farm in Thetford Center, Vermont.

Make no mistake. Perrin does not set out to instruct the romantic or idealistic reader in the procedure of maple-sugaring, the art of bartering, the values of unpasteurized milk, the merits of a half-ton pickup truck and a chain saw, the virtues of raising sheep and of fencing. But he does make all these things sound agreeable, even easy.

Nor, for that matter, is this book in any sense a how-to guide. Perrin's rural essays (some of which have appeared, and quite properly, in *Vermont Life* and *Country Journal*, and, less probably, in *New York*, *The New Yorker*, and *The New York Times*) have more elevated aims. Ruminating on country matters, he convinces us of the worth of adding one grassy hill, 18 acres of pasture, to his usable farm area: "There will be cows against the skyline, and there will be four new stone walls visible. It will be no bad legacy to leave."

Perrin shows us the disparity between the way things seem to be and the way they really are. City life, so often looked down upon by those who dream about country living, is contrasted with life on "the other side": crowded subways with the country's total lack of any sort of public transportation; garbage strikes with spending "Saturday afternoons making a 12-mile round trip to the dump with the week's garbage"; urban racket and intrusion of privacy with such country noise and nuisances as chain saws ("If you imagine several dentists working in your mouth simultaneously, you will get some notion of the effect"), the rifle shots of hunters in addition to their left-behind broken glass and cans, snowmobiles ("If mosquitoes were six feet long and powered by gasoline engines, they would sound like snowmobiles"), and trailmobiles.

Perrin is no rustic romantic. When he writes about rural existence he sees all the flies in the idyllic ointment. But the charm of his work is that he often gives his experience a literary overlay. In "Buying a Pickup Truck" the author tells us we should try to persuade the dealer to substitute truck tires for the automobile tires the truck will come equipped with:

> If you can't talk the dealer into it, you're no horsetrader. In that case, resign yourself to your helplessness, and pay extra for big tires. Or go to another dealer. Or hurry home and read Faulkner's *The Hamlet*. Then you will learn—from a master—how to trade.

The interesting thing is, Noel Perrin has never become indifferent to the pleasures of the city. "Selling Firewood" is about his trucking a load of maple and birch logs into New York and selling them to city dwellers in order to pay for putting up at the Algonquin Hotel and visiting a few museums. Satisfied with his touch of urban life, he goes back to Vermont:

> The next day, which is a Sunday, I cut and split a full cord of white birch, and stack it in the barn to dry. I'll be down with it next year. I want another of those cheap weekends in the city.

Perrin's essays are fine, and they are encased in a well-designed book. The dust jacket resembles birch bark, and Stephen Harvard's illustrations are skillful, if occasionally a little too cartoony for my tastes. If you are anything like me you will be tempted to give the book to the would-be Vermont farmer among your acquaintances. But on second thought, tempted by its charm and wit, you may decide to keep it yourself.

Three years ago a 27-year-old English writer, Ian McEwan, published an extraordinary book of short stories,

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MIRROR MAN

The Adventures of a Roving Sensualist by "Paul Virdell"

The pseudonymous author of this book has named his protagonist "David Brent." Yet the story is a true one, so explicitly erotic in detail that identities of everyone in it must be hidden in anonymity. Here, then, is the sexual odyssey of "Brent/Virdell," "whose sexual exploits make Don Juan look like a tyro" *(Publishers Weekly)*, afoot in World War II London, Paris and Rome; in network broadcasting; in the Lotus Land that was Hollywood. Who is the Mirror Man? Read it—and decide for yourself.

$9.95 ARBOR HOUSE

First Love, Last Rites (Random House). Its characters were of an astonishing variety: a mad aunt who made her nephew dress in various costumes (often girl's clothes) for dinner, while she wore a regimental uniform; a boy who drowned a little girl; a mother who so babied her son that when he grew up he wanted to return to his pram; a boy whose first unsuccessful sexual experience was with his 10-year-old sister, told in a story called "Homemade."

These sordid yet convincing scenarios of adolescent sexual initiation and desire seemed to be McEwan's favorite subjects. They were conveyed in rich, inventive language that, at its most opulent, reminded me of Tom Stoppard. McEwan has just returned to the theme of "Homemade" in his new novel, *The Cement Garden* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). McEwan's obsessive interest in the minds and hands of 15-year-old boys is repeated here in a stripped-down, terrifying story. Gone, however, is the rich, playful language of "Homemade." In its place are bare but graphic descriptions of how Jack's father, with his bad heart, covers his yard with cement only to fall over dead into the wet cement, of how Jack and his older sister Julia, 17, and Sue, 13, and Tom, 6, live on in an ugly row house with their sick, patient, loving mother. She too dies, and the children decide to bury her in a trunk in the cellar, covering her—you've guessed it—with cement.

Their motive is reasonable: They are afraid that they will not be allowed to stay together if anyone discovers that their mother is dead. The story is increasingly horrifying, what A. Alvarez has called "a brilliant and sinister tour-de-force about adolescent sexuality."

There is no satisfactory way to convey the atmosphere of *The Cement Garden* to a reader of this review. It does not work to tell what happens in it—I've tried. I urge those with strong stomachs to read it, and the stories that precede it if you can find the earlier volume in the library. You will shudder in disgust, reject the facts, but read on without stopping. Here is an original talent that, if his first two books are evidence, can only advance and grow. Huck Finn spoke authentically to his 19th-century readers; Holden Caulfield served the adolescent boy in the middle of this century. Now meet Jack, Julia, and Julia's sly snooker-playing friend Derek. Who knows? These young people may well be speaking nastily for the youth at the end of this unpleasant century.

A rare man, Hans Kraus, has written a rare book that should interest all sorts of readers. *A Rare Book Saga* (Putnam's, $15) is autobiographical, directed at those who have looked longingly at *incunabula* (books printed before 1501), magnificently illustrated manuscripts, old charts and maps—in fact, at any book of antiquity. One reads Kraus's book because he is among the best-known and most successful antiquarian book dealers now alive. He travels all over the Western world for what he rightly terms his "treasures," buying them and then offering them for sale to libraries, museums, and, of course, private collectors.

Kraus's book is long. From the time he arrived in America, after a brief incarceration in a Nazi concentration camp, Kraus has led an unusually active professional life as a bookseller. Every chapter of his memoir is full of his triumphs of acquisition, his confessedly admirable ability to match the book he buys (hundreds of thousands of dollars is not too much for Kraus to spend on a unique book) with the proper customer for it.

Most extraordinary is the breadth of his knowledge. Every rare book or manuscript he acquires is scrupulously researched in either the vast scholarly library in his shop on 46th Street in New York, or at his home in the same city. He learns the provenance of the book, no matter how old or how complicated is its history; his catalogs are all masterpieces of bibliophilic learning.

Kraus's honesty compels him to admit to the few books that got away from him even when his patience was long and the price right. The most notable is his story about the Dead Sea scrolls that were laid before him in his office in 1949 by a professor of archaeology at Hebrew University. The asking price for the two or three scrolls was $100,000, but "I must admit they aroused little enthusiasm on my part by their physical appearance. They looked ancient enough, to be sure, but so blackened and battered that any attempt to read them seemed hopeless."

Not many important books have escaped Kraus's learned eye. While the style of his narrative is not distinguished (it is dismayingly full of timeworn phrases and the word "great"), it is a wonderful account of a fascinating and productive life. Kraus, now 71 years old, has been a dealer in "great" books for almost 40 of those years. Every page of his book will interest the expert and amaze the general reader. ◉

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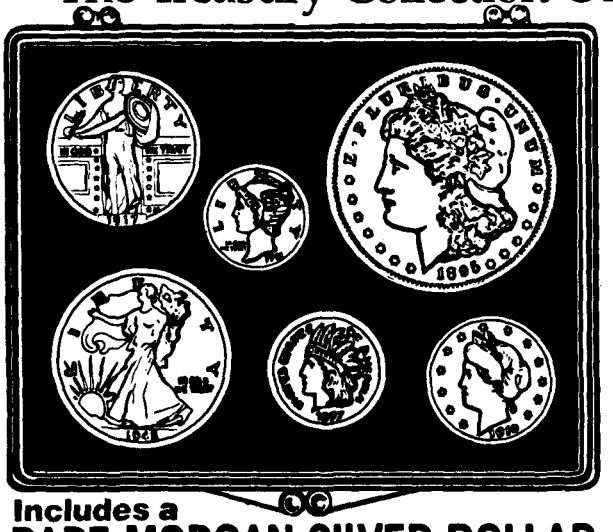

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Editorial: Open Season on Jimmy Carter

JIMMY CARTER is hurting in the public-opinion polls, and some commentators can't seem to resist the temptation to stomp on him when he's down.

An important fact, however, is being obscured in what has apparently become an open season on Carter. The American people, not just the President, are the primary sufferers as the result of the kind of heartless criticism now being heaped on the President. Such criticism represents a double liability. First of all, it further erodes the public confidence that is so essential if the President is to create the consensus necessary for clearly needed programs. Second, few things are more vital to the future of this country than the willingness of persons of integrity, intelligence, and good will to run for the presidency. The kind of punishment meted out by the American people to their Presidents, however, is bound to discourage anyone from seeking the office except power-hungry and callous politicians.

The big misconception held by too many Americans is that all problems could be solved if only we had a man with ideas about what needs to be done and with the political skills to do it. What many people don't seem to realize is that, with the mammoth growth of the nation and its increasing centrality in the world, the presidency has become virtually unmanageable. At one time it may have been true that a man with vision and organizational skills could accomplish great deeds in the White House. Increasingly, however, the President's job has become a balancing act of competing pressures. Both inside and outside the government, multiple forces have had the effect of pushing the President in conflicting directions.

The President has to contend, first of all, with Congress. In some respects, this is as it should be, for it is the representational arm of the government, and feels justified in redirecting to the President the pressures directed against itself.

But Congress is not the only operational body the President must contend with. The various government departments have become fortified power centers more determined to use the President than to allow themselves to be used by him. Sometimes these power centers try to bypass the President by dealing directly with Congress. The Pentagon has its advocates within the Appropriations Committee. The President cannot simply point a finger at the military budget, for example, and say that he plans to cut $20- or $25-billion—even though it would not damage the basic requirements of American military security. If his ideas are not accepted by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he has to argue and negotiate every inch of the way—and even then the chances are that he will be overruled by Congress, which knows that it has the force behind it not just of potentially affected industries but of organized labor.

Suppose the President believes that we will never really put the brakes on inflation in this country unless we cut back to a realistic military budget concerned less with meaningless overkill than with sensible defense requirements. The President would have the fight of his life on his hands. Even if he won this fight, the political cost would be prodigious and would probably jeopardize all his other major programs.

Meanwhile, in the conduct of U.S. foreign policy, the President has to contend with different agencies inside government that, not infrequently, are moving in different directions. At least four separate foreign-policy units are now in operation. Theoretically, the State Department is supposed to conduct the nation's foreign policy, but many of its primary activities are being duplicated by the Defense Department, the CIA, and the White House itself. The Defense Department, for example, has its own representatives in the field who make assessments in matters having to do with foreign policy. Moreover, the Defense Department has gotten into the habit of making field decisions that put the President in the position of having to fall in behind the flag, the most costly example being the Vietnam War. As though this were not enough, the CIA not only has an important intelligence function but, in direct violation of the law establishing the agency, engages in actions that have a direct bearing on the conduct of American foreign policy. Finally, the White House has a built-in state department of its own, with separate desks for different parts of the world. Supposedly, all these agencies have a chance to clear signals at meetings of the National Security Council, but the President is still left with the need to reconcile their differences and to deal personally with the effects of those differences when unreconciled.

By and large, American citizens tend to give the President a relatively free hand in the conduct of foreign affairs; for there is a widespread feeling that the President is in a position to know far more than the people about world affairs. In domestic affairs, however, the people don't need experts. The farmer believes he is the supreme expert on farm matters, just as the industrialist sees himself as the supreme expert on business matters, and the worker the supreme expert on labor matters. The resultant pressures are as fierce as they are competitive.

Every President since Harry Truman has tried to unwind the bureaucratic tangles so that he could function more effectively. The most comprehensive such design was advanced by Richard Nixon—but it went so far in the direction of an imperious and imperial presidency that it cut heavily into the necessary elements of the system of checks and balances. It is true that some useful reforms have emerged over the years. But the essential problem remains: The government of the United States has become so complex, cumbersome, and sprawling, so overloaded with political pressures, that it defies competent direction.

Is there nothing that the American people can do to make the presidency workable, manageable, and survivable for the incumbent? There is. They can expect more of themselves and less of the President. They can let up on the gimmes. They can direct their vehemence against all the special-interest groups that are hammering and yammering at the President. By getting off the President's back they may find a more creative place in his mind. They can give the President visible and dynamic support for programs needed to sustain progress and to meet social needs.

Most of all, they can give the man an even chance. They can recognize that this country can be no better than what they themselves, and not just the President, are willing to put into it. N.C.

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Endangered Words

by Thomas H. Middleton

WORDS AND THEIR meanings are not things we can lock into place. The trouble with words is that they are reliant upon people, and people are notoriously mercurial in their handling of words; so the words get knocked about, twisted, and bent out of shape.

The semantic donnybrook has never been so turbulent and violent as it is now. Printed and spoken words are now broadcast in a profusion that could not have been imagined a hundred years ago. Not simply books, magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers, but television, radio, motion pictures, phonograph records, magnetic tapes, telephones, teletypes, skywriting, and God knows what other media now inhale and exhale the basic ingredients of language in a whirlwind of what we wish we could think of as communication.

The wreckage is, predictably, awesome. Only a few of the human participants in this verbal williwaw have much respect for, let alone love of, words. Those of us who do care more or less deeply can only protest ineffectually at the destruction.

The other day, I overheard Andy Griffith, in a rerun of one of his old shows on which he played a sheriff, speak of a lawbreaker as having "flaunted" the law; on the same day, in an entertaining book called *Playing House*, by Gerald Nachman, I read, "It seems to me that the discreet thing for young men and women would be to remain in the same house or apartment and not flout their new relationship with such ostentatious displays as dinner parties, anniversaries, children, and the like." From the context it is clear that the word the author wanted in this case was *flaunt*. He came close.

The confusion between *flaunt* and *flout* is common, but not yet terminal, I think. *The Random House Dictionary* says that *flaunt* has a nonstandard meaning, "to ignore or treat with disdain," and adds, "This sense of *flaunt* stems from its confusion with *flout*, and, although this confusion is quite common in the speech, if not the writing, of educated people, it is nonetheless regarded as nonstandard usage."

What I find distressing is not so much the occasional lapse into nonstandard usage, but the evident widespread acceptance of this usage by scores of people who really should know better.

In the case of *Playing House*, first there is the author, who is obviously one of those educated people *Random House* refers to; next, we can assume he has an agent who read his manuscript; and then there must have been several people at Doubleday, a publishing firm of undeniable excellence; all these educated people saw *flout* where *flaunt* was needed, and, presumably, not one thought it worth mentioning.

In the case of the television series' misuse of *flaunt*, I find it surprising that evidently not a single writer, producer, director, actor, cameraman, sound man, or grip was moved to point out that *flaunt* was merely an approximation of the appropriate word.

Recently, Marshall Best told me of a lady who said on the "Today Show," "The teachers *flounted* the law." *Flount*, he said, is "a catchall nonword."

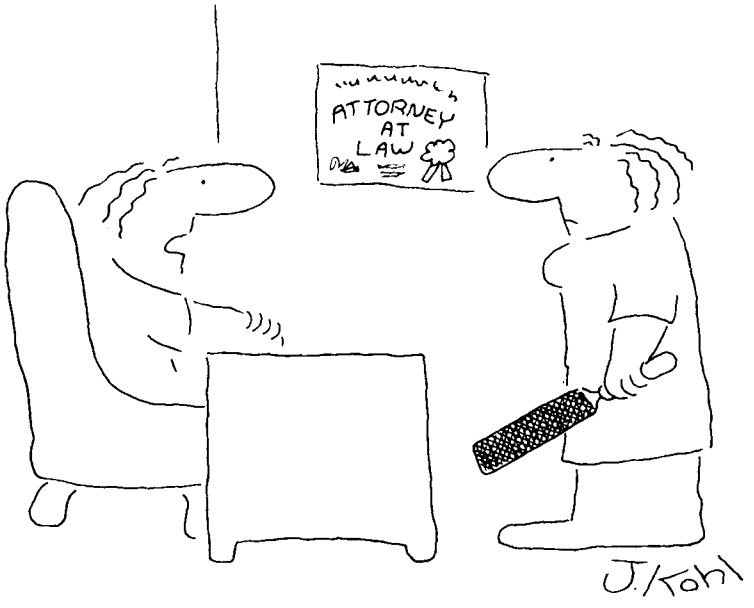
Some words, on the other hand, suffer a darker fate than mere misappropriation—disappearance. One such victim is the word "healthful." We hear a great deal about healthy diet, healthy air, healthy exercise; rarely do we hear of "healthful" diet, air, or exercise.

Healthful means "conducive to health; wholesome or salutary." The trouble is that *healthy* can *also* mean "conducive to health; wholesome or salutary," as well as "in good health." *Healthy* can play both sides of the street, and it seems to be elbowing old *healthful* right out of the picture. I think this is a shame. We have a very healthy oleander in our backyard. In this case, *healthy* definitely doesn't mean healthful. Anyone who thought it did might make a fatal error. "Nice healthy water hemlock you got there, lady." "Thank you, sir. Would you like a nice healthy cup of hemlock tea?"

Healthy germs can be extremely unhealthful, and the health of the germs will be in direct proportion to their unhealthfulness.

I'd like to see *healthful* remain alive and healthy, and I hope that *flaunt* and *flout* will reassert their own distinct meanings. There are dozens—perhaps hundreds—of words ripe for an endangered words list.

The thing is that it's not up to the words. It's up to people, and people can be so damned unreliable. ◉



"You're apparently unfamiliar with the procedures involved in filing for divorce."

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TOP OF MY HEAD

You've Come a Long Way, Baby

by Goodman Ace

MEDICAL SCIENTISTS work in mysterious ways their miracles to perform. For instance, the test-tube baby. Now how do you want your baby born—stork-brought or store-bought? Naturally procreated or artificially inseminated? Or would you just settle for immaculately conceived?

Are we really ready for this new miracle? Last time I looked, people were unhappily divided on the abortion issue. Then before we learned to live with that, they put it on the back burner and presented us with its antithesis: the test-tube baby, with the easily foreseeable misgivings that it would produce. Isn't that a little like postponing the rain on account of the ball game?

I mentioned this to my rich Park Avenue doctor when he called to tell me I had passed my annual checkup. "Just stay on those pills I prescribed for you last week," he said.

"Thank you, doctor. And while I have you on the phone, what do you think of the new test-tube baby?"

He said (and I could hear him preening), "I consider it just one of the many everyday miracles we doctors work in mysterious ways our miracles to perform."

"Applause, applause, applause, doc, but don't you think you scientists used bad timing? We have a surfeit of miracles. Shouldn't miracles be spaced with more care? Like, say, a miracle every century?"

"As a man of medicine, I don't understand you civilians at all. When the world was said to be overcrowded, men of science gave you the abortion and all hell broke loose. Now that we give you a miracle for procreation, you're still complaining. Make up your minds—what do you want, to populate or to depopulate? Or would you want scientists to sit around and do nothing?"

"Please God," I whispered.

"Listen, I didn't call you to debate. I called to say you're OK and to stay on those pills I prescribed last week."

"Just one more question, doc. Don't you foresee the misgivings that lie ahead with the test-tube baby?"

"What misgivings?"

"Thanks, doc, that's just the lead-in I've been looking for. I'll start at the beginning. In the beginning, God created Adam, and when He saw Adam was lonely and needed a helpmeet, He caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and He took out one of Adam's ribs and created Eve."

"And of course you believe that story?"

"Of course I believe it. Why, do you have some other theory in mind? Of course this is a little late for a second opinion. How would you have performed the operation, taking into account the dearth of population, in case a blood transfusion was needed, and the lack of time to fool around with test tubes? The Creator was making an emergency house call. You remember house calls, don't you, doctor?... Hello, doctor?"

"I still can't believe that you believe Eve was created from Adam's rib."

"Oh I'll admit, doc, the operation was not a spectacular success, what with Adam hobbling around minus one of his ribs, and I also admit that it was never repeated. It didn't have to be, because the last time I looked, Eve was some kind of gorgeous chick, what with her fig leaves and all. So Adam and Eve found a better way, which has been repeated ever since year one. And I don't think that your test-tube baby can ever improve on it. Correct me if I'm wrong, doctor."

"I recall that you started out to mention the misgivings you foresee our latest miracle causing."

"OK, doctor—misgiving number one: Has science developed a story for a father to tell his four-year-old child when she asks, 'Where did I come from, Daddy?' and Daddy will have to reply, 'Well, you see, honey, they have this big test tube and then. . . .' What does he say next? Where now the lovely little bundle-from-heaven story? Where now the stork on the wing, flying nonstop to mother's side? Where now the story of the birds and the bees, and the pollinating of bedewed flowers? We had a tough enough time selling the kids those fanciful yarns. Has science now come up with new stories to suit the new circumstances of birth?"

"Listen, here I am, a man of medicine, arguing about what to tell kids. I never told my kids anything when they asked. As a matter of fact, I think my smallest one beat me to it. Besides, I only called you to tell you to stay on those pills. So, if you don't mind—"

"Before you hang up, doc, there's one little item you might be interested to learn. You did not prescribe pills. You prescribed eye drops."

"Good. Stay on those eye drops." ◉

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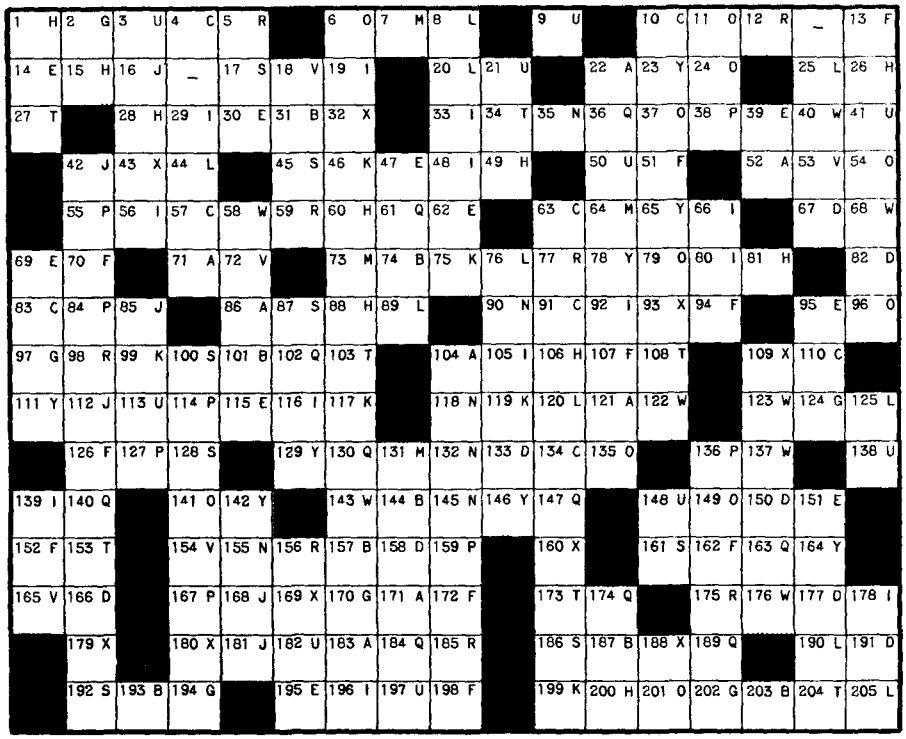
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 157

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double Crostic 156*** appears on page 6.

CLUES — WORDS

A. Deceive, trick
22 52 71 86 104 121 171 183

B. Make more or less conversant
193 31 74 101 144 157 187 203

C. Tree of the Pacific islands, with an irritant milky juice
4 10 57 83 63 91 110 134

D. Most elevated or sublime
158 177 67 82 133 150 166 191

E. Encouraged
14 151 195 39 69 95 115 30 47
62

F. Aromatic tree of the Philippines having flowers that yield a volatile oil used in perfumery (comp.)
94 107 152 198 172 13 70 162 51
126

G. Italian island west of Naples
170 194 97 124 202 2

H. Small rattlesnake ranging from the Great Lakes to Mexico
1 15 28 49 60 81 88 106 200
26

I. Shipshape condition (comp. and 1 wd.)
56 178 33 80 196 92 29 48 105
139 19 66 116

J. Cad, bounder
168 181 42 85 112 16

K. English author, critic, social reformer (1819–1900; *Sesame and Lilies*)
46 75 99 117 199 119

L. Sturdy fabric used in men's clothing (2 wds.)
76 89 190 8 25 120 20 44 125
205

M. Greek vowels
64 131 7 73

N. Scrap, fracas, ruckus, rumpus
90 118 132 145 155 35

O. American painter ("Christina's World"; full name)
96 201 24 54 79 11 6 37 135
141 149

P. "When he is gone his way, then he ____" (Prov. 20:14)
55 127 84 114 136 159 167 38

Q. One of the Graces
184 130 36 147 61 174 163 140 102
189

R. Village near Stratford-on-Avon; birthplace of Anne Hathaway
175 98 12 156 185 5 77 59

S. "A forted residence 'gainst ____ of time" (2 wds., *Measure for Measure*)
161 100 87 45 186 17 128 192

T. Scattered over with things set at intervals; decorated with nailheads, etc.
153 173 34 27 103 204 108

U. Disengaged
21 3 148 113 50 182 9 138 197
41

V. Dishcloth gourd; vegetable sponge
18 53 72 154 165

W. Withholds employment from (employees) in order to gain concessions (2 wds.)
122 40 143 58 123 137 68 176

X. Spanish dramatist and statesman (1832–1916; *Folly or Saintliness*; Nobel Prize 1904)
32 188 43 93 109 160 180 179 169

Y. Defamatory falsehood published for political effect
65 129 142 78 111 23 146 164

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THE BACK DOOR

Letter to the New Pope

HOLY FATHER,

Pardon my presumption, but I am concerned. The Roman Catholic Church is in trouble. For centuries the guarantor of social and emotional stability of millions, it is increasingly viewed as disputable, dispensable, anachronistic. Your predecessor's stand against birth control proved bewildering, even traumatizing, to those who took it seriously, and unconscionable to anyone concerned about the impoverished and overpopulated corners of our planet. Likewise, Pope Paul's insistence that wretched and contaminating marriages were preferable to divorce seemed unnecessarily hurtful to the lives of children as well as parents.

Decline is, of course, in the nature of things, for institutions no less than individuals. Perhaps the erosion of the Church's influence, membership, and endowment is simply an unalterable fact of life, God's will. But I don't believe it. Men built the Church; men can rebuild it—and should. For while governments have made progress satisfying the physical needs of their citizenry, the Church is one of the rare institutions whose purpose is to minister to emotional needs. Without a powerful and persuasive Church, more and more souls will founder on the eternal questions: Why were we born? And, if there was a good reason to be born, why, then must we die? Psychiatry, with its relentless focus on the self, is not a sufficient substitute. Neither is community, in our increasingly unsettled world. Neither is hedonism, despite promoters' promises. The Church's answer to these eternal questions is one of the few that have proved satisfying to generations of both brilliant and ordinary souls. If Man did not have the Church, he would have to invent one, and no modern invention is likely to approach Christianity's moving and time-honed Gospel.

In previous, more hierarchically minded centuries, the Church was able to dominate the lives of its members. But today, the Church is a choice, one of innumerable ways to spend one's time and money. As never before, the Church must compete for awareness and attention, must make its potential worshippers realize that the Church offers what they are seeking. Christ enjoined his disciples to seek converts. In America, the modern method of converting is marketing. The proof that one can successfully market religion is too plentiful to ignore. All manner of swamis and pop religionists parlay third-rate myths into millions. Slick preachers from instant sects infest the airwaves. While the Church should never sell itself with a jingle, like a bar of soap, neither can it afford to stand by while its potential members and their dollars are being captured by competitive creeds. Power lies in numbers—of members and dollars. Shocking as it may sound, I would recommend that your American representatives seek the counsel of a smart ad agency.

I would also recommend, Holy Father, that, where possible, you avoid committing the Church to losing battles. This may sound like a recommendation of pusillanimity; it is not. Where necessary—and you are the only judge—make a stand. But no reputation, including yours, is well served by repeated defeats. I hope your conscience will allow you to support birth control and test-tube pregnancies, for they belong to the future. I would also ask you to stop treating women as inferior beings, incapable of administering the Sacraments. In respect to the celibacy of priests, I would vote to continue it; their work deserves single-minded attention. Regarding the liturgy, I would say, don't alter it too much. One of the Roman Catholic Church's greatest assets is historical continuity; there is solace in hearing familiar phrases incanted year after year.

I wish you success, Holy Father. The more powerful the Church becomes, the greater will grow your opportunities to exert a humane and peaceable influence on these fractious times. The more souls your Church gathers under her wing, the fewer will be the anxiety-ridden and aimless souls haunting the streets. As you accept the pallium and the ring, perhaps no man alive stands a greater chance to do good in the world. Godspeed.

—CARLL TUCKER

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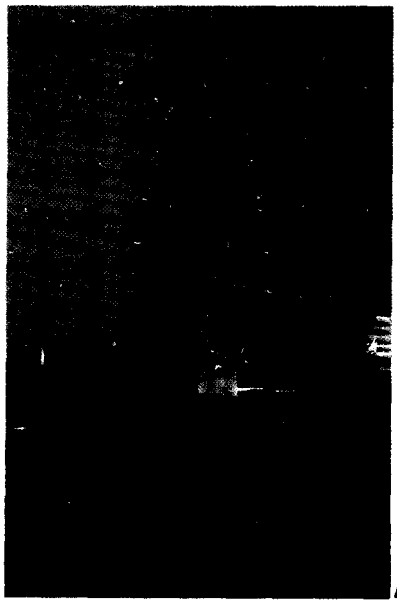
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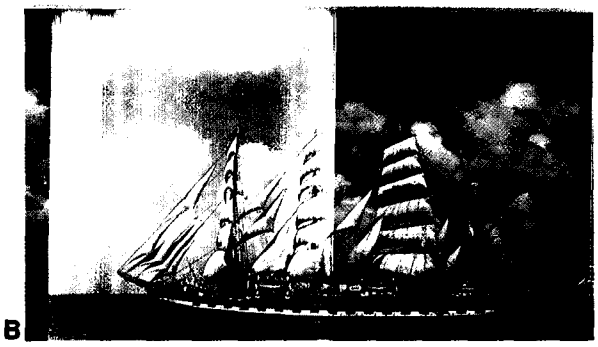
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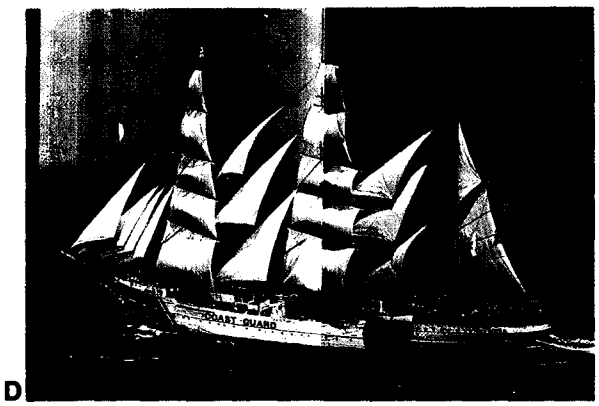
C



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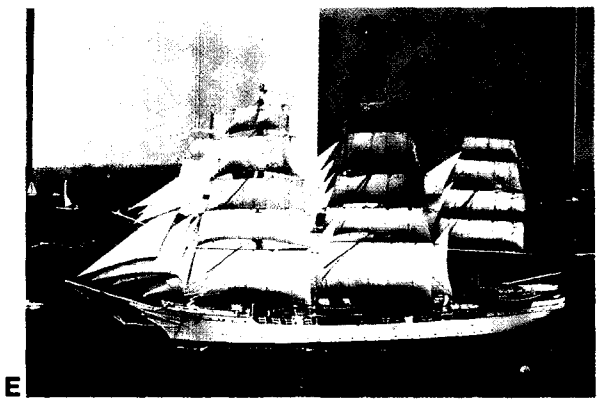
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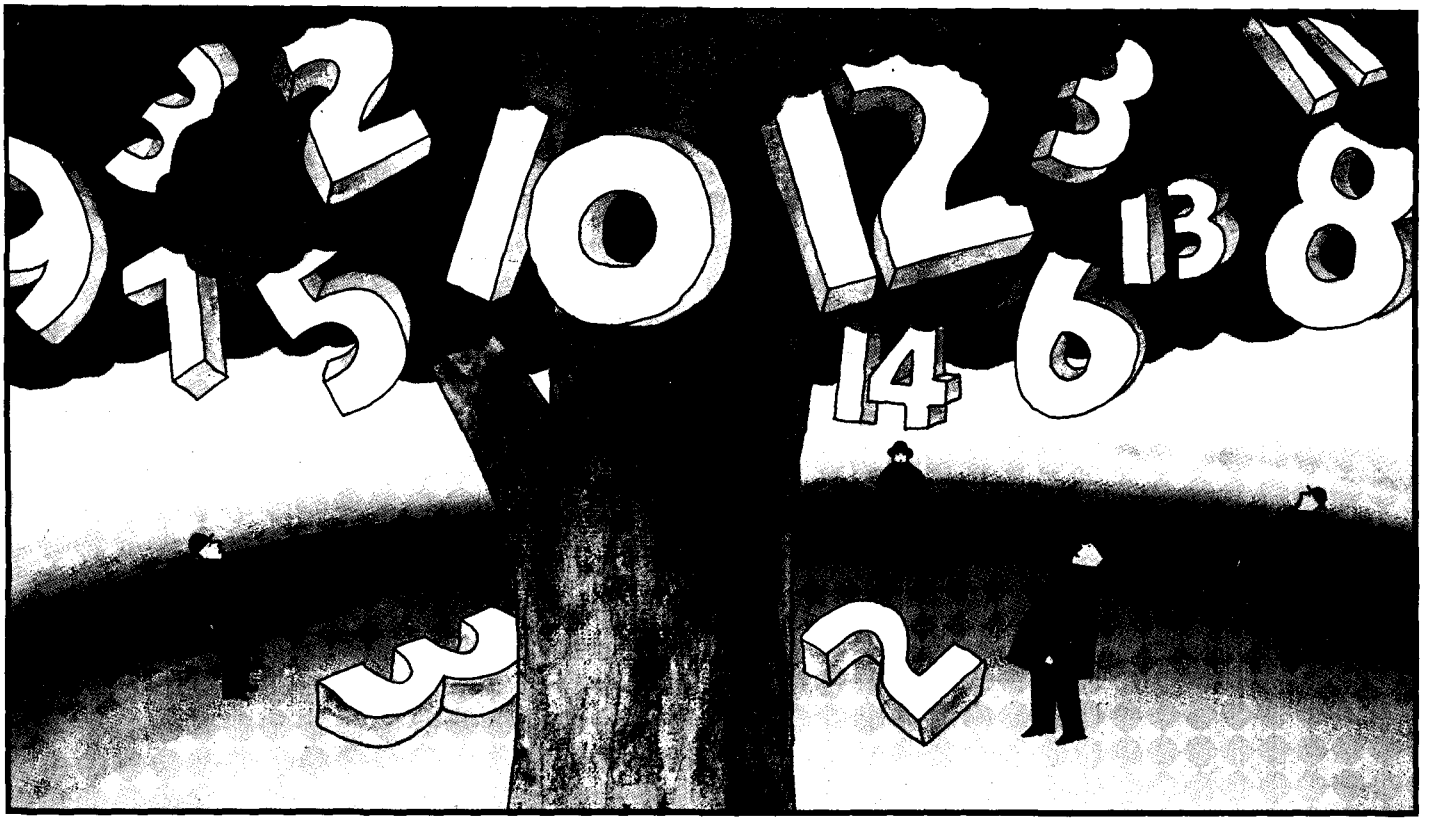
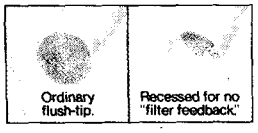


Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



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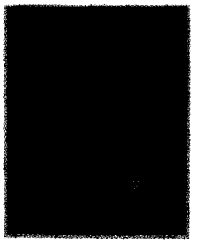
Parliament



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